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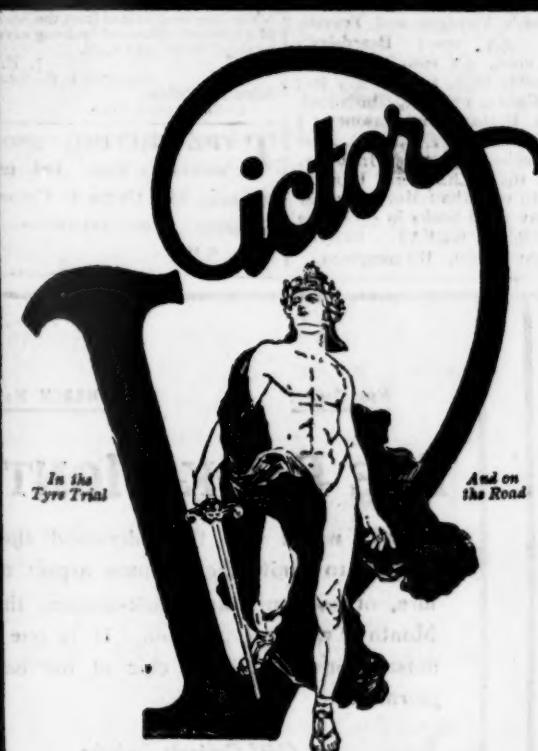
LITERATURE

No. 2133

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Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post-free.

The EDITORIAL OFFICE is at 63, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C., where all communications to the Editor should be addressed.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply the acceptance of an article.

Notes of the Week

WE cordially congratulate Colonel Weston on his triumphant victory at Kendal. We feel sure that in Parliament he will exhibit a moderation and reticence which will in no way embarrass those members of the party whose zeal outstrips their discretion in the pursuit of a policy which, like that of Women's Suffrage, will secure recognition when the time is ripe. What the time is ripe for now is the expulsion of the Government from the position which they have so disastrously misused. In order to achieve that supreme object, it is indispensable to reverse the present representation in the North of England. But the voters in that part of the country are distinctly not educated up to the point of assimilating an entirely new fiscal policy which in their view involves much obscurity in its effect on their weekly budgeting. It is all very well to enter into intricate arguments and finely spun yarns, and to drop counterpoises and palliatives into the electoral cauldron, but those who have canvassed for as long and as widely as ourselves know that conviction does not result. Until Tariff Reform is translated into an actual concrete measure intelligible to the masses, which can only be achieved by an Unionist Govern-

ment, it is actually relegated to the limbo of airy nothingness, by the bar which impatient and militant Tariff Reformers deliberately place in the way of Unionist triumph at the polls. Twin editors, please note.

There are certain things which the public will not stand, and certain occasions, in the history of every nation, when it hurries on in front of the law and shows its temper. The public, for instance, will not have its letters destroyed, its windows broken, its railway stations burnt, without active reprisals on those essentially responsible for these outrages, even though such intervention brings the policeman on the scene. In alluding to this we merely wish to make the point that similar effects may follow upon a free use of the policy of the strike. Bakers, tailors, railway men, cooks, threaten to cease work, and the public goes calmly about its business; but there have not been wanting signs—especially during the last dock strike—that there is a limit to the endurance of the ordinary man, a moment when he breaks away from convention and looks after himself. Self-preservation seems to be the first law of Nature in civilised as well as in savage communities.

Cobwebs—not confined to the old Port bottles—and whitewash were the surroundings in which Parnassian votaries met at dinner on Friday last. Those whose vocation is to soar were paradoxically ushered into the cellars of the old Cheshire Cheese, and the torture which some of those assembled were contemplating inflicting on at present unconscious victims inevitably recalled the terrible ordeal of the *Vehmgericht*. Alas! we have emerged from the salutary period of the Middle Ages, and no tribunal now exists to put a term to the activities of the incorrigible versifier, and to exhibit his muted remains as a salutary example—*pour encourager les autres*.

Sir Herbert Tree made an ideal chairman, and, although this journal is not the one in which to reproduce some of the sentiments to which he gave utterance, we should like to refer to his contribution to the controversy—equal in entralling interest to the “Bacon is Shakespeare” warfare—“Was Hamlet a fat man?” Sir Herbert’s thesis was that in reality Falstaff is Hamlet and Hamlet is Falstaff. In order to prove the position up to the hilt, he gave a most entertaining recital of “To be, or not to be,” after the Falstaffian manner, not omitting liberal potations from the punch bowl—in default of sack—and the accompaniment of appropriate hiccoughs. There is much to be said for Sir Herbert’s theory, but he has not the Durning courage of his opinions, or he would clearly have held that Macbeth, Othello, and Manfred were but synonyms for the fat man of the Merry Wives.

A suggestion which we hope will be canvassed in these columns was made by the famous actor-manager. Is it possible to produce a standard of pronunciation of the English language?

Hail, and Farewell

To A. R.

WE range the ringing slopes of life, but you
 Scale the last summit high in lonelier air,
 Whose dizzy pinnacle each soul must dare
 To valedictions born and ventures new.
 From dust to spirit climb, O brave and true,
 Strong in the wisdom that is more than prayer;
 High o'er the mists of pain and of despair
 Mount to the vision and the far adieu!

Merged in the vastness, with a calm surmise
 Mount, lonely climber, brightened from afar,
 Whose soul is secret as the evening star,
 Whose steps are toward the ultimate surprise;
 No dubious morrow dims those daring eyes—
 Divinely lit whence truth's horizons are.

JAMES A. MACKERETH.

Captain Roald Amundsen

An Appreciation

TALES of exploration have ever possessed a strong fascination over the minds of normally constituted boys. Over the minds of some of us they continue to exercise their spell long after our boyhood has departed to the realm of pleasant memories. For me the prosaic routine of a sedentary occupation serves but to enhance the delight with which I sit down in the winter evenings to a couple of hours' reading of such books as Sven Hedin's Trans-Himalaya (I observe with joy that the third volume is about to be published) or the Bullock-Workman's Snowy Hispar, or Shackleton, or, last and best of all, Amundsen's South Pole. I say best of all because I look at these matters from the point of view of a schoolboy. To win the applause of the schoolboy the candidate for hero-worship must be successful. The splendour and pathos of defeat and failure are thrown away upon the juvenile mind.

Amundsen succeeded where others failed. The fact that those others were men of the finest type of humanity, unassuming, of indomitable energy and determination, merely magnifies the glory which is the due of the man who succeeded. In estimating the splendour of Captain Amundsen's achievements you must constantly keep that last fact in mind. For if you judge them by his own standard, you will begin to wonder why the tourist agencies do not forthwith issue return tickets to the South Pole, so lightly does Roald Amundsen take the enterprise. The reason why he can afford to make light of it is the reason of his success; he never left anything to chance. He and his gallant little band will arrive at their last gasp before admitting that the enterprise is other than a huge joke. Occasionally one of them will mention quite casually that he has a frozen heel or some minor trouble of that sort; but if you expect to find any-

thing in the nature of sensationalism in the record of Captain Amundsen's journeys you will be rudely disappointed. He does not see anything particularly remarkable in exploits which take away one's breath, because he is so well accustomed to them.

Only a mother could prevent him from sailing with Nansen in 1893. But the great dream of his early life was to make the North-West passage. The story of Sir John Franklin's ill-starred attempt was a strong incentive to such a mind as his. One of his right-hand men, both on the North-West passage and on the journey to the South Pole, Helmer Hansen, was never quite so happy as when hanging over some bottomless crevasse. So is it with Roald Amundsen. Difficulty and hardship exercise upon his mind the same spell as ease and luxury upon the minds of ordinary men. It was well for the safety of those who sailed with him in the "Fram" that he had made that North-West passage, for on that voyage he learnt the lesson that if you are to succeed in great enterprises you must not leave things to chance.

Another factor of his success, one of the most important of all, was his marvellous faculty for getting the most out of his men. Once upon the North-West passage, the genial Lindström, by this time familiar as the cook at "Framheim," the home of Amundsen's South Polar expedition, was acting in turn as cook, meteorologist, able-bodied seaman, and engineer. That is only a sample of the handiness of Amundsen's gallant crew. And what a magnificent record in the matter of casualties! On the North-West passage one member of the expedition died; on the South Polar voyage not one. Those men were more than captain and crew, master and men—they were brother-adventurers. "It is certain that our voyage would never have been accomplished had the men not been tractable and willing. In difficult situations we shared trouble and hardships in brotherly unity, and all rejoiced with one heart when difficulties were surmounted." In Arctic and Antarctic regions alike the activity of these explorers is indefatigable. On the "Gjöa," the famous little 47-tonner which made the North-West passage, and even more so on the "Fram" and at "Framheim," not a man but had every moment of his time occupied to the best possible advantage. And while the land party was preparing day by day for the eventual dash on the Pole, the "Fram" was busy sounding the waters of the Atlantic. Even at this early day it is easy to see that the scientific results of the expedition are of inestimable value.

But it is not these results which appeal to me. What are a few thousand soundings or a couple of dozen geological specimens in comparison with the moral value of such immortal deeds as those of Captain Roald Amundsen? Yet my hero will never acknowledge that he has achieved aught of note. You might think that he made these terrible journeys as one makes a cruise in the Mediterranean. Therefore it is that I, an humble admirer, venture to say that, whilst such deeds are done as those which he has accomplished, mankind will never grow old. R. E. N.

Mary Queen of Scots: a Lost Manuscript

CAN IT BE FOUND?

THE University Library of Edinburgh, built up as it has been mainly by magnificent donations, has among its many literary treasures interesting documents dealing with Queen Mary, Darnley, Bothwell, and John Knox.

Some of the theological books are intensely polemical. They are narrow, severe, rigid, dogmatic. The very books given to the town of Edinburgh in 1580, by a lawyer of the name of Clement Littil, which went to make the foundation of the library—its first three hundred volumes—are spoken of thus by Mr. Julian Sharman, in his work "The Library of Mary Queen of Scots": "If this gentleman had purposely aimed at bringing together an assembly of volumes whose authors had perished at the stake, he could hardly have succeeded better." Apart from the slight exaggeration of the writer, there is truth in his remark, for the books are mainly theological, as has been said, and deal with controversial and thorny topics.

Yet, what kind of books do we find in the library of Mary Queen of Scots? Her library, portions of which were stored in Holyrood Palace, and others for a short period in Edinburgh Castle, consisted mainly of two kinds of literature—theology and poetry. The former volumes were not one whit behind in the characteristic features of the first works given to form the nucleus of the library of Edinburgh University.

Many books are like pebbles thrown into a stream. They vanish out of sight, and are never found again. Although the library of the Queen was known to be of considerable interest, a catalogue of the books being preserved in the Register House, Edinburgh, very few of them are now discoverable. Several can be traced, housed in Scotland and elsewhere; others, with most interesting associations, cannot be found. And what of the few manuscripts she wrote—her efforts at authorship? This leads us into an intensely interesting field, from which we can inhale the aroma and charm of the past. It is one of the Queen's lost manuscripts which particularly concerns us meanwhile.

There is, in the Edinburgh University Library, a small volume of considerable interest to bibliophiles and historians in search of rare volumes and literary materials. It contains a list of the printed books and few manuscripts presented by William Drummond of Hawthornden, who was born in 1585 and died in 1649. The title of this work reads: "Auctarium Bibliothecæ Edinburgensis sive Catalogus Librorum quos Gulielmus Drummondus ab Hawthornden Bibliothecæ D.D.Q. Anno 1627." This catalogue was printed by Andrew Hart, a well-known Edinburgh publisher. At page 23 we find the following interesting announcement under the heading "Marie Queene of Scotland. Tetrasticha, ou Quatrains à son Fils. MS."

Appended to another copy of this catalogue is a statement made by Mr. Robert Henderson, who was librarian from 1685 to 1747, which states that he drew

up a list which took him four months to accomplish, as, he says, "some of the books had been very imperfectly catalogued." This was in 1701. In this catalogue there is no reference made by Henderson as to Queen Mary's manuscript being missing. Indeed, there is a further interesting feature. In one of the catalogues drawn up by Henderson, and arranged in alphabetical order, on arriving at the letter "Q" we find among the items only this: "Queen of —," possibly intended for Mary Stuart's manuscript. This is, of course, only conjecture, because the vandal has done his work thoroughly. It is undoubtedly the fact that this manuscript volume containing the quatrains would have been of intense interest to many students. But mystery surrounds the production. It has vanished into oblivion. There is not the faintest clue as to where it now is, or into whose possession it may have passed, although there are some suggestive ideas.

When William Drummond of Hawthornden gave his books to the University Library, the present building was not in existence. The accommodation was inadequate and meagre. Precautions had to be taken to guard against books being lost. The Town Council, in 1612, passed an Act in which they forbade the Principal to lend any books whatsoever, while no one was to be allowed "to enter into the library but those who shall be sworn that they shall neither steal nor take away any books forth of the said library, rive, or blot, or misuse any of them."

The public were to be allowed to read, but on the distinct understanding that each reader be compelled first of all "to give in some new book to the library"! It is noteworthy that, in the year 1637, Drummond himself had to take the above oath before a bailie, before he was allowed to enter the library—where his own books were stored!

Librarians at this period were not of much account. We find that between 1635 and 1667 there were no fewer than ten librarians. From 1667 to 1685 Mr. William Henderson was librarian, followed by his son Robert, who acted for the long term of sixty-two years. Both of these individuals made catalogues of the works under their charge. We have noted the "Queene" entry.

The entry of the "Tetrasticha, ou Quatrains à son Fils," is evidently genuine enough. We find that on November 26, 1626, Principal Adamson appeared before the Town Council and produced an inventory of "a number of books given and donated to the library within the college by Mr. William Drummond." After hearing this report, the Town Council "gave an order" that the catalogue was to be printed at their expense. The books were presented to the "Town Library." It only became the College Library in 1636.

We now arrive at the important fact that Principal Adamson drew up the catalogue of the Drummond collection, saw to its being printed, and, further, he checked the list of books. Hence it contains this entry: "Marie Queene of Scotland. Tetrasticha, ou Quatrains à son Fils. MS."

The further question now arises—did Queen Mary ever write poetry? Of this we have confirmation from various sources, although, under the criticism of recent years, what has been authenticated has dwindled down to a small number of poems or verses. In the preface to the "Works of the most high and mighty Prince James," by Bishop Wintoun, we read: "The Queene, his Majestie's mother, wrote a book of verses in French, of the Institution of a Prince, all with her owne hand, wrought the cover of it with her needle, and (it) is now (1616) of his Majestie esteemed as a most precious jewell."

Again, in "A Compleat History of the life and reign of Mary Queen of Scots and James VI," by William Saunderson (1656), the above statement is repeated, with the addition of an ambiguous "I have seen" the work. This may mean either that he, the writer, saw the poems in print, or the original, with his own eyes.

Horace Walpole, also, in his "Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors" gives Queen Mary a place as a poet, although it is not very enthusiastic. He writes: "She is reputed to have written poems on various occasions in the Latin, Italian, French, and Scottish languages."

Now, rather an important light is thrown on the sequence of events by the fact that there *was* a volume in the library of the Queen, or a manuscript, confirmatory of what they stated. Among the works which she had with her when she made her short sojourn in Edinburgh Castle, in 1566, was one bearing the title, "The Gouvernement of Princes, written in Perchment." If the missing "Tetraستicha" was contained in this volume, we only, after all, touch a clueless clue. If the copy mentioned in the Drummond catalogue is the same as that referred to by Bishop Wintoun and Saunderson as "a book of verse in French," and also noted as having been in the Edinburgh Castle Library, Principal Adamson has left this important fact out.

Arriving at more modern times, we find that Dr. John Small, who acted as librarian from 1854 to 1886, states in his brochure, "Queen Mary at Jedburgh," that *some manuscripts were taken* "some thirty years ago by Mr. Alexander Bower, the acting librarian, for the purpose of being catalogued and arranged for binding. Mr. Bower died suddenly of heart disease, and the packet was taken to London by his son-in-law, Mr. Alfred Marshall, who in 1875 restored the contents to the library."

Then, Sir Alexander Grant, in his "History of Edinburgh University," makes a similar statement. After giving an account of the Drummond collection, which amounted to about five hundred volumes and a few manuscripts, he says: "It so happened that, thirty or forty years ago (his book was published in 1884), Bower, then assistant librarian, took away to his own house a *packet containing some of the Drummond papers, in order to sort and catalogue them*. While he had these in his possession, Bower died, and the papers were removed, with his other effects, to his daughter's house in London. In 1875, Bower's son-in-law, *thinking that these papers might belong to the Edinburgh*

University Library, then restored them." This would imply that the "papers," valuable documents, were removed from the library, without having been stamped, or, in all probability, restoration would have been made sooner.

On referring again to the entry by Principal Adamson in the Drummond catalogue, we notice one clear statement—Queen Mary's "Tetraستicha" was *in manuscript*. The Quatrains could only be few in number, and would thus only occupy a few pages, and in their wandering, supposing Bower to have had them, they would easily be mislaid—or appropriated. There is here *a probability* that among the manuscripts taken by Mr. Bower, who died in 1830, was the missing "Tetraستicha." There is no list on record of what was then removed.

A further point to be taken into consideration is the fact that the collection was shifted from room to room on account of dampness. And they were stored originally in no part of the present University buildings, because the foundation of the present buildings was not begun until 1789, and it was years afterwards before they found a permanent resting-place.

There is no evidence whatever that any person, or persons, knew of, or enquired about, this Queen Mary's "Tetraستicha" until recent years. Mrs. P. Stuart Mackenzie Arbuthnot in her "Queen Mary's Book" (1907) writes of it thus: "If some enquirer with unlimited time at his disposal should one day have the industry and perseverance to go through every volume in the Drummond collection, *it is possible* that this interesting work might yet be recovered. Till that deliverer shall arise, we must count another small mystery among the many that seem inseparable from the name of Mary Stuart."

Now, in answer to this statement, made in 1907, every book in the Drummond collection was gone over, and catalogued in 1902. No "Tetraستicha" was found hidden in any of the volumes. Later, another search was made in 1910, and the result proved useless. The cataloguing of the library has now been put in such a position that a like mystery could not again occur. Our interest centres, it must be confessed, on "Bower, the assistant librarian." Could he have *seen* the "Tetraستicha," and have taken it away for the purpose of making a fuller and more complete entry of the missing manuscript?

Since 1907 this missing work has been sought for, not only in the libraries of Italy and France, where there was the greatest probability of its being sheltered and cared for, but persistent, yet unavailing enquiries have been made nearer home, in the British Museum. The latter library would have been thought a likely resting-place, but no result has ensued. Even the King's Library at Windsor has been tried. The enthusiast for mementoes of Queen Mary has been disappointed on every hand. And the question still remains: Can the missing "Tetraستicha"—this important manuscript—still be found?

DAVID CUTHBERTSON.
University Library, Edinburgh.

REVIEWS

Canterbury

Saint Augustine of Canterbury. By Sir HENRY H. HOWORTH, K.C.I.E. (John Murray. 12s. net.)
Memorials of Canterbury Cathedral. By the Reverend C. EVELEIGH WOODRUFF and Canon WILLIAM DANKS. (Chapman and Hall. 16s. net.)

FOR thirteen hundred years Canterbury has been the centre of English Ecclesiastical History. In the persons of the ninety-five successors of St. Augustine the Ecclesia Anglicana found a headship which expressed its national aims, and Canterbury became, as Dean Farrar said, "a focus for the religious aspirations and inspirations of Englishmen." So English Churchmen, the world over, will welcome these two fine volumes, the one tracing the beginning of the history of the English Church in the person of St. Augustine, the other giving the memorials of the great Cathedral Church.

Although from its subsequent history and great importance, Canterbury became permanently associated with the foundation of the English Church, the mission of St. Augustine was really confined to Kent. Still, we can hardly go so far as Sir Henry Howorth, and consider it an absolute failure. We prefer Bishop Stubbs's view that it failed comparatively. For though each of the seven kingdoms owed its evangelisation to a different source, indirectly the Kentish mission affected future ecclesiastical events and policy. Birinus, who converted Wessex, was sent from Rome. And, surely, it is fair to say that the policy of Oswy and Egbert, the Roman triumph over the Celtic Church at Whitby in 664, and the consolidation of the English Church by Theodore, under the metropolitical see of Canterbury, were influenced by the mission to Kent, even though the direct Augustinian succession may have died out. The work and the results of the missions from the North were far-reaching, but it is difficult to follow Sir Henry Howorth, when he says in one place (Preface, p. viii.) that "there can be no question whatever that the Church of the English was the daughter of Rome," and in another (p. xxii.) that "while the Roman missionaries made little headway, those who went out from Iona and Lindisfarne, and represented another allegiance, proceeded to the conversion of the greater part of England to the Faith."

Sir Henry Howorth is a critical scholar, but possibly he becomes slightly confused here in his effort to prove a little too much, in order to advance his estimate of Augustine's character, as a "commonplace man, with good motives and high standards, set to do a work much beyond his capacity, and for which he had a very indifferent training."

The training, of course, was monastic, but Sir Henry Howorth is obsessed by the not uncommon prejudice against monasticism. Yet he seems to forget in this connection the success of monasticism in conversion, and herein particularly that the evangelisation of the rest of England was due to the despised monastic system. There are some very unnecessary theological and controversial digressions in this book, notably the second Ap-

pendix which discusses the question of Pope Honorius and Papal Infallibility. Again, the author's private opinions on the authority of the Fathers of the Church in relation to dogmatic theology are of little moment. Sir Henry Howorth falls short of Lord Acton's famous ideal "that in history the historian has to disappear, and leave the facts and ideas objectively to produce their own effect." But this is a feat which few writers on religious history seem able to accomplish. The scientific method of history—"to state facts and to observe causes, but nection the success of monasticism in conversion, and religious bias.

Having said thus much by way of criticism, we have nothing but eulogy for Sir Henry Howorth's patient historical research, his critical method, his careful sifting of evidence and documents, and his general presentation of an excellent picture of the life and times of St. Augustine. With regard to the famous correspondence between Augustine and Gregory, the author considers that the evidence in favour of authenticity and genuineness is overwhelming. From the beginning of Augustine's mission to his death, every important historical detail is elaborated, and the result of real good work is a most valuable record of English Church history in the early decades of the seventh century.

The authors of the sumptuous volume, entitled "Memorials of Canterbury," say in their Preface that "their aim is to give a trustworthy, readable, and compendious account of the Cathedral from the earliest times to the present day." In this beautiful book they have admirably carried out this purpose, in which they have been much helped by the recent re-arrangement of the Cathedral archives.

There was ample room for such a work as this. For although there are guide books and picture books in plenty, there are few historical accounts of importance. The history of the present Cathedral really begins with the Norman Church of Lanfranc. The choir was lengthened by Anselm, and completed by Prior Conrad. The treasury was built by Prior Wibert, who also added to the monastic buildings, and devised an hydraulic system to supply the Priory with water. In 1174, some few years after the murder of Becket, the great choir was burnt down.

A graphic account of this catastrophe is given by Gervaise in his "Opera Historica—Tractatus de Combustione." The re-building was carried out by Guillaume de Sens, which accounts for French lines of construction and many details. After his accident, William the Englishman continued the work, which was completed by the year 1184. The next great work of importance was the re-building of the splendid nave under Thomas Chilenden (1391), who is described by Leland as "the greatest Builder of a Prior that ever was in Christes Churche." During the twenty years of his rule, building operations were almost unintermittent, and vast sums were expended, aided by the enormous offerings at the shrine of S. Thomas Becket. The whole history of the varied fortunes of the Cathedral, with episodes in the lives of its

custodians, from Lanfranc to Dean Wace, is given with scholarly precision and in picturesque form. There are interesting chapters on the interior life of the monastery, the library, the stained glass windows, as well as on the organ and the bells.

There are nearly one hundred good illustrations, by Mr. Louis Weirter, many of them full-page. Every care has been taken to present a volume worthy of the great Cathedral, which may in a sense be called the Mecca of the Anglican Church.

The Home Rule Bill

A Fool's Paradise; being a Constitutionalist's Criticism on the Home Rule Bill of 1912. By A. V. DICEY, K.C., Hon. D.C.L. (John Murray. 2s. 6d. net.)

THE "fool's paradise" is the political habitat of credulous optimists, and Professor Dicey has done all that mortal man can to wither it under the breath of truth and drive forth its expostulating denizens. Expostulate they can, answer Professor Dicey's indictment they cannot; and it is much to be hoped that the Unionist Party will arrange for expositions of this book to be given throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain. In Ireland, both sides know the substance of the Professor's demonstration; but, naturally, Nationalists never dwell upon it publicly, and, naturally, Ulstermen cannot present it judicially.

Those of us who watched the progress of the Home Rule Bill of 1912 through the House of Commons learned to appreciate Mr. Asquith's position. He is a Balliol man and an able, astute, experienced lawyer. If he had been briefed against the Bill he could and would have made the speech of his life in demolishing it. He knows that the Bill is based on duplicity. He knows exactly where the duplicity shows itself unmistakably. He has probably contemplated in privacy the manner in which he would have exploded the Bill if that had been his destiny, and if he reads Professor Dicey's book he will probably admit that he could not have done it more effectively. But Mr. Asquith has accepted the post of Gladstone's political executor. He has to follow the course traced out for him by an entirely different mind, by the masterful casuist of whom an eminent Nonconformist divine said that he was "earnest but not sincere." For this purpose Mr. Asquith has to abandon the fruits of his own experience, the critical attitude of the Balliol man, the shrewd insight of the jurist of ripe faculty. He can only defend the Home Rule Bill as a credulous optimist. Not very credulous in hours of reflection, one imagines, and not a very cheery optimist after the curtain is rung down.

Professor Dicey deals in characteristic fashion with the argument that is based on the alleged nationality right of the Irish majority.

The dogma that the demand for a particular form of Government by a minority of the people living under one constitution must, if it be made in a legal manner and for many years, necessarily be granted,

is absolutely without foundation. It is unknown to the English Constitution; it is unknown to any constitution whatever of the civilised world; it has no connection whatever with the so-called principles of democracy. So-called democratic principles give no countenance whatever to the idea that there is any reason why the wishes of, say, three million Irishmen should be preferred to the interests or the wishes of forty million and more of the citizens of the United Kingdom. But an enthusiastic Home Ruler constantly adopts the tone of a moralist or of a preacher. We are told that it is the "plain duty" of England to concede Home Rule to Ireland. When this allegation is made, as it constantly is, by honest and good men, my astonishment necessarily takes the form of a respectful inquiry: Where is the supposed rule of morality to be found? Assuredly you may search the Bible from the beginning of the Book of Genesis to the end of the Book of Revelation, without discovering a word which identifies the wishes either of the majority or of the minority of the electors, or even of a whole people, with the will of Heaven or the dictates of righteousness.

The Home Rule Bill had to be a measure which could be presented to the admirers of Mr. Patrick Ford as something after their own heart; otherwise, they might well complain that their agitation had been stultified and their money wasted. It had also to be presented to the British elector as the symbol of the Union of Hearts—and would any decent fellow haggle over the cost of his wedding ring? Both sides were deceived as plausibly as possible, except in so far as, with a nod and a wink, the Separatists were given to understand that Home Rule as devised by the Cabinet instructed by Messrs. Redmond, Devlin, Dillon, and O'Connor was a serviceable implement, after all, for the ulterior purpose. Yet the Home Rule Bill is the explicit negation of the principle of Irish independence. If the Bill becomes law, "the cheers of the Dublin mob will not be hypocritical":—

The expressions of a crowd always, in a sense, savour of truth, but the plaudits of the masses at Dublin must mean very little. They will echo the unfounded belief that Ireland has obtained that national independence of which, let the Prime Minister say what he will, the Home Rule Bill, with its supremacy of the Imperial Parliament, with its admission that the Imperial Parliament has the right to legislate for Ireland, with its restrictions on Irish legislation, unknown to every one of the British Dominions, is the formal denial.

The Bill opposes the Nationalist ideal in the manner most likely to exasperate Nationalist feeling, yet it leaves Britain no means of asserting an effective supremacy, except those best adapted to arouse rebellion and hatred in Ireland.

Professor Dicey's argument is at once so pithy and so concise that it loses extremely by being summarised. We will make only one extract from his discussion of the financial difficulty inherent in every Home Rule scheme: "The nation whose desire for Home Rule is combined with a demand for the payment of some

£2,000,000 by British taxpayers in order to make Home Rule a possibility is not in a position to rely on the principle of nationality. Mazzini hated Austria, but Mazzini never asked, nor for that matter did a single patriot ask, that a United Italy should for years receive from the Austrian Empire some £2,000,000 needed for meeting the necessary expenses of the Italian Government."

The Bill, "if it receives plaudits from the mob at Dublin, provokes the stern indignation of all that is best and strongest in Ireland," and Professor Dicey's statement of the case of Ulster is admirably restrained and cogent. It would be impossible to recommend the book too zealously to honest thinkers. No doubt a new edition will be required shortly, and when it appears the omission of an index will, one hopes, be rectified.

Dr. Woodrow Wilson

The New Freedom: A Call for the Emancipation of the Generous Energies of a People. By WOODROW WILSON, President of the United States of America. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

NOBODY appears yet to have discovered that from

The rancorous roarings of Roosevelt,
The thunderous tub thumps of Taft,

a gentler and more classic spirit has been engendered in the realms of presidential oratory. One of our contemporaries referred the other day to Dr. Wilson's inaugural address as a "sermon." In the classical sense of the word our contemporary was justified in its use. For Dr. Wilson's speeches are something very different indeed from the stuff which during the last few decades we have been accustomed to hear from Presidents and Presidents-elect of the United States. Dr. Wilson might well play Antony to Messrs. Roosevelt and Taft's Brutus in this matter of oratory, and say: "I am no orator as Roosevelt is." The quality of these speeches of Dr. Wilson which is most characteristic of them is a certain sonorous largeness difficult to describe. He has the presidential aptitude for great and wise generalisations, which are as difficult to carry into practice as they are easy to formulate in theory. He is constantly propounding basic axioms which were of universal truth centuries before the continent of America was so much as thought of, as if they were the discovery of his own age and country.

"America is as rich, not as Wall Street, not as the financial centres in Chicago and St. Louis and St. Francisco; it is as rich as the people that make those centres rich." That is a lesson upon which Dr. Wilson is never tired of insisting. "America is great in proportion as she can make sure of having great men in the next generation." The new President's chief point of attack is monopoly. If we are not mistaken in our recollection, it is not unheard of that a President of

the United States should declare with more or less solemnity of utterance that "something must be done about the Trusts." The difference in the case of the latest occupant of the White House is that he says it much more often and much more solemnly, and he assures us that he knows the way to fight the Trusts and wipe monopoly off the face of the earth, and so forth.

In the next few months Dr. Wilson will have an opportunity of putting his convictions to the test. For our own part, we believe that it is not the work of one man, nor of one generation, to make the crooked ways of America straight. Dr. Wilson is a great believer in talk. Who in the States is not, so long as there are bosses to arrange matters when there is any work to be done? In what manner precisely Dr. Wilson proposes to defeat the purposes of what one may call combined enterprise is beyond our comprehension. Free competition: we agree; free trade, free speech, and plenty of it, free opportunities for everybody: granted all these things, the people of the United States may at last begin to taste some of those rare and refreshing fruits of freedom which are so much talked of across the water and so little enjoyed. But we can scarcely follow the President when he would have us believe that the panacea for political evils is talk. Nor does it follow that what is possible in New Jersey will succeed in the United States. The learned doctor's prescription for civic disease is publicity. "You have got to cure diseased politics as we nowadays cure tuberculosis, by making all the people who suffer from it live out of doors." Why did not Dr. Wilson go yet a little way further back, and add that, in addition to pure air, your patients must have pure food, and that even better than the cure of political disease is its prevention. For therein is precisely where the germ of the disease is to be sought.

Our relatives on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean have yet to receive and digest the unpalatable truth that there is something rotten about the whole political life of the United States, and that it requires a greater physician than Dr. Wilson to prescribe the remedy. When the love of beauty and truth once more, if ever, becomes a moving force amongst them, and the love of the almighty dollar is relegated to second place, then and not till then can the people of America hope to succeed in erecting a solid and stable structure of political greatness. You cannot build a sound building on rotten foundations; it is no good putting sticking plaster on a malignant ulcer. Dr. Wilson is unduly optimistic in talking of knitting the new into the old. "You cannot put a new patch on an old garment without ruining it; it must be not a patch, but something woven into the old fabric." Is the old fabric, then, worthy of being thus renovated? Were it not better to weave a new garment? Dr. Wilson in the "New Freedom" says a great many things which are profoundly true. There is very little, in fact, in what he has to say from which we should venture to differ. And now let Dr. Wilson show us the application of his

principles to the very real and grave problems arising out of the Mexican question and Panama, for example, in the sphere of foreign politics, tariff reform, and anti-Trust legislation at home. Let us hope that the President of the United States will show himself as capable as a statesman as he is indubitably capable as an orator.

R. E. N.

Brood of the Serpent

The Snakes of South Africa. Their Venom and the Treatment of Snake Bite. By F. W. FITZSIMONS. Illustrated. (Longmans and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

NOT all people look upon snakes, irrespective of their sub-family, as enemies of the human race. The serpent figures in this rôle in the third chapter of the Bible; but, on the other hand, even the Israelites themselves worshipped its effigy at one time, and its worshippers include at once the ancient Egyptians and the modern Voodoo folk of Haiti. Individuals show the same diversity of attitude towards these often dangerous, but always beautiful, creatures; and everything depends on a proper distinction between the harmless kinds and those which are venomous. With the latter there can, of course, be no friendship. I have killed a rattlesnake at sight with no better weapon than a butterfly-net; on the other hand, a python that I was bringing back from Australia to the Zoological Gardens was kept alive, through a cold November night in the Bay of Biscay, in my own bunk. To the majority of folks, however, a snake, be it harmless as a dove, is something, like Carthage, to be destroyed.

Although, like sharks, these reptiles are by no means confined to the tropics, they—and particularly the venomous kinds—certainly flourish in the greatest variety nearest to the sun. The krait and cobra loom terribly in the statistics of native mortality in India; the moccasin and rattlesnake are ever lurking in the grass throughout the southern States of North America; and the brown snake and death-adder take their toll in sub-tropical Australia. Nowhere, however, are snakes more effectually the enemies of man than in South Africa, where the swift mamba and spitting ringhals, as well as the boomslang, cobra, and puff-adder, terrorise white and black alike, though not, it is true, protected, like their Indian cousins, by the scruples of superstitious natives. South Africa is a veritable reptile house of deadly kinds, as well as of many others comparatively innocuous, described and figured in this very interesting and practical book, the coloured plates and photographs in which are in themselves a gallery of snake portraiture of unusual completeness. The discrimination between deadly and harmless kinds, already referred to, is graphically shown, for we find among the more personal photographs several of the author's little son playing fearlessly with young pythons and mole-snakes, as well as of the

more cautious handling of cobra and ringhals, and the most effective method of tapping their poison-glands for experimental purposes.

Mr. Fitzsimons has, with that somewhat free and easy contempt of appearances so often noticeable in the literature of young countries, contrived to include in a little over five hundred pages a greater proportion of original observation, and, indeed, of new matter, than is, perhaps, to be found in any other work on this order of reptiles. The summary in the chapter headed "Items of Snake Knowledge" gives the scope of the remarkable variety of his information, both anecdotal and practical; and, though the book deals ostensibly with the snakes of one region only, it might well be studied as a convenient and suggestive introduction to the subject generally. Here, under rather clumsy cross-titles, will be found abundance of fascinating problems in snake life: the trick of feigning death and power of spitting venom noticed in the ringhals; the headlong rush of the mamba for its burrow, often entailing fatal consequences on anyone who stands in its path; the reason why the bite of the boomslang is not always fatal; the combats between snakes and meerkats; the circumstances and results of innumerable cases of snake-bite, as well as the newest practice in its treatment, including intravenous and subcutaneous injection of anti-toxic serum—these are but a few of the bewildering variety of subjects which the author discusses at length and in a manner singularly free from technicalities. He is to be congratulated on having written a book which stands out among recent contributions to the literature of an always fascinating subject, and which at once strikes the reader as achieving a welcome mean between popular fiction on the one hand and dry-as-dust laboratory lore on the other. Though its appeal is primarily to residents and tourists in South Africa, its more practical portions might with the greatest advantage be studied by all who live or travel in tropical countries where, as has already been indicated, these creatures reach their zenith.

F. G. A.

A Maiden Tourney

First Poems. By MAX PLOWMAN. (Sidgwick and Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)

ANOTHER Max, charging himself with a prime adventure in Bookdom, labelled his venerable first-born "Works," thus, with a bold assumption of finality, disarming accusation of the customary "first steps to knowledge." This later Max, more diffident as to his title-page, yet renews the challenge not unsuccessfully. Perhaps few books of poems that are first, in an initial sense, can lay better claim to be first in the primal sense also. There is not much of it, and probably this, if we knew, is to be counted to Mr. Plowman for righteousness. Too many volumes of "first poems" have a "too-much-

ness" of quantity, to the injury of quality. There are, in fact, fewer than thirty pieces, but a lyrical essentiality of the true order marks most of them—the essential forthrightness, the essential emotion, the essential economy.

Mr. Plowman has been to school to the Muse, and has evidently studied under wise preceptors—Wordsworth, Robert Bridges perhaps, Blake, whom in the matter of one poem he acknowledges, and the Percy Ballads. That this is in any way evident is no detraction in a volume of "first poems," especially where there is a sufficient groundwork of individuality. Originality in prosodical form is less apparent than originality of idea and outlook, which means a balance on the right side. We would instance "Marriage"—in some ways Mr. Plowman's most notable contribution—"The Junior Monastery," and "The Crux." It is in poems like these, like the lines "To a Coquette," like the ballad "Everyman," or the sonnet "Becalmed," that his sincerity mounts up into something else—a kind of poetic conviction, a quiet decision and confidence, which we had in mind when we compared the "finality" of the other Max. It makes the "first" of the title prophetic.

It will serve to illustrate many of Mr. Plowman's felicities if we quote this lovely little Nature interlude from "The Jealous Man":—

The rain swept down and beat the earth
Like flails a threshing-floor,
But through the riven clouds there peeped
(As it had been a door

Into the spotless joy of heaven)
A tiny gap of blue;
And as I gazed at it, I felt
The stranger watched it too.

A while it neither waxed nor waned,
Then, as a bud expands
Casting its outer petals back
Until revealed it stands,

The virgin sky threw back her robes
And laughed for heavenly glee,
While as a lover to his bride
The sun came tenderly.

By way of conclusion, we have decided that Mr. Plowman's least convincing poem is "A Sunset," acknowledging a peculiar pleasure in the hunt for it; and we are pleased to be irritated at a single rhyme in "Sussex in Winter," and at the employment of the rhymed couplet ending to the sestet of sonnets in the Italian form. Also we are disappointed not to find a little lyric called "Appreciation," which we have treasured from an ACADEMY page. We have derived a pleasure from this little book comparable only with that aroused in us by the delicate work of Mr. De La Mare, yet with a subtle personal difference. Mr. Plowman dedicates to Mr. Hugh de Sélincourt, and it is not too much to say that Mr. de Sélincourt should feel flattered.

The Hero of Lepanto

The Story of Don John of Austria. Told by PADRE LUIS COLOMA, S.J., of the Real Academia Española. Translated by LADY MORETON. Illustrated. (John Lane. 16s. net.)

HE must indeed be a sorry biographer who is unable to make an interesting story of the romantic life of the hero of Lepanto, for the incidents of his career furnish sufficient material to equip half a dozen novelists. To say, therefore, that Padre Coloma has written an interesting book is no particular praise. But the book which he has written is interesting in the superlative degree, and in this he excels most others who might have taken up his task, and his success deserves due acknowledgment. Don John, or Jeromin, as he was at first known, was born in 1547. He was not aware of his parentage until after the death of his father, the Emperor Charles V, in 1558. At the age of twenty-three he suppressed an insurrection of the Moors in the South of Spain, and thereby destroyed all hope on their part of ever recovering their lost position in Europe. The following year, at the heroic triumph of Lepanto he stemmed the tide of Moslem conquest in the East. So great was the reputation he thereby acquired, and the terror that his name aroused in all Moslem lands, that it was necessary for him only to land in Tunis, two years later, for the Moslem rulers of that kingdom to withdraw, without any show of resistance. In 1576, Don John was sent to the Netherlands as Viceroy. His phenomenal success had, however, aroused the jealousy of enemies, who poisoned the mind of his brother, Philip II, against him. In the Netherlands Don John was given an herculean task, without any means wherewith to perform it. What he might have done is unknown, for in the midst of his labours he was stricken down by a mysterious illness, of which he died in his thirty-second year. To his enemies in Spain, to the Dutch, and also to Queen Elizabeth of England, his death has been variously imputed. The last-named had good reason for wishing him out of the way, for her kingdom had been presented to Don John by the Pope, accompanied by the Queen of Scotland as a bride.

Such, in short, is the skeleton around which Padre Coloma has constructed a most interesting narrative. Don John never ceases to be his hero, but he is not allowed to monopolise the stage. Other most interesting personages—Charles V, Philip II, William of Orange, even Cervantes and St. Teresa—appear upon it and engage the reader's attention. An absorbing picture is drawn of the social life of Spain in the sixteenth century. In short, Padre Coloma has written a book that is well described by his translator as half novel, half history, with the advantages of both forms of writing. If there be one criticism, and perhaps it is a criticism that is hardly justifiable of a member of the Order to which the author belongs, it is that the book is painted in too pleasing colours when Spanish Catholicism and Philip are concerned. The King, in

fact, appears as an attractive picture, which will doubtless cause much surprise to those whose ideas of his character are drawn from the standard English histories. It is this tendency which makes the Inquisition and the Auto da Fé, of which a splendid description is given, relatively harmless matters. In fact, the book is obviously written by a whole-hearted apologist for the Holy Office, and its references to that subject therefore require very critical consideration. The account of the Battle of Lepanto can, however, be taken without any such reservation, and it will be found as stirring a description of a naval engagement as can readily be found.

Shorter Reviews

On the Track of the Abor. By POWELL MILLINGTON. (Smith, Elder, and Co. 3s. 6d. net.)

THE Abor Expedition, as may be remembered, was undertaken in the last Indian cold weather to punish the savage Abor tribesmen, who had, a few months before, cruelly murdered a political officer and a doctor travelling on duty in their country. The Abors (so called as being wild, uncivilised) inhabit a tract of country on the N.E. frontier of India to the N. of the Brahmaputra River, above Dibrugarh, in Assam; and had been so long allowed to commit raids on British territory without due chastisement that they had come to consider themselves inaccessible and immune from retaliation. This expedition has taught them the required lesson that their country can be invaded whenever the British desire; they have been thoroughly cowed and humiliated by the losses which they suffered, and have received an adequate punishment, both personal and collective, for the crimes they had committed. If the military operations were not of a very grand or imposing character, they required serious preparation and constant vigilance to prevent disaster. The enemy had recourse to the usual jungle tactics of frontier warfare, to ambushes, "booby-traps," stockades, and poisoned arrows, but could make no stand against Maxim-guns and other arms of precision. From the author's account it is clear that the expedition had to contend as much with the elements, the local conditions, and the absence of supplies in the country as with human foes.

The weather seldom kept fine for more than a few days together; the rain was often heavy; the rivers flooded their banks; nearly all the food of the force had to be carried from the base, either by coolies or on boats through rapids; roads had to be engineered, jungle to be cleared for camping-grounds. As a transport officer, the author was concerned chiefly with the lines of communication, but saw none of the little fighting that took place. He writes cheerily of his duties, and makes the most of any humorous incidents, such as the telegram that expressed much regret for the commanding officer's narrow escape, and the adventures of his Christmas

cake. Much knowledge was acquired of the Abor territory, and 3,500 square miles were surveyed, but the moot question of the connection between the Tsangpo and Dihong rivers was left undecided. The author's maps are very clear, and illustrate sufficiently the course taken by the expeditionary force. The small volume makes no pretence to be a text-book or an official report, while it describes the military operations quite intelligibly for the general reader, and leaves a favourable impression of difficulties skilfully surmounted, and of a little frontier war brought to a satisfactory conclusion. The author's brief narrative will give greater pleasure than a more ambitious effort would have afforded. Curiously enough, he nowhere mentions the name of a single officer, except once in his preface.

The Dukeries. Described by R. MURRAY GILCHRIST. *Dartmoor.* Described by ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Hereford. Described by CHARLES EDWARDS.

Illustrations to each volume by ERNEST HASLEHUST. (Blackie and Son. 2s. each, net.)

THE "Beautiful England" series is attaining the dignity of a special corner in the library, and the latest three volumes keep its reputation up to the high standard set by previous issues. With the book of Hereford we have no complaint—everyone who knows the Wye and its lovely shores is aware that there are times when the serene atmosphere, the quiet byways, of the old cathedral city appeal to him more than the slopes of Tintern or the cliffs at Symond's Yat. Mr. Edwards gives a pleasant chat on the history and associations of the place, and the pictures are not of the flamboyant type.

"Dartmoor" and "The Dukeries" make a notable contrast. One shows Nature revelling in freedom on the hills and in the vales, the other gives us Nature in lawns and flowery terraces and handsome parks. Both are beautiful; but we prefer "Dartmoor," where, though in summer you can still be placed in an awkward predicament by an angry bull, and after rain may still sink knee-deep into an occasional morass, the spirit of earth seems closer than in guarded pleasaunces and beechen avenues. Some of the illustrations in this book are excellent. "Tavy Cleave" catches well the intensely sombre aspect of the Moor on a grey, misty day, and "Two Bridges" has the requisite subdued colouring. On the other hand, "Wistman's Wood" is merely a pretty water-colour in spite of the accuracy of drawing. We congratulate those concerned in the production of this admirable series on their success. Mr. Arthur Salmon evidently loves the Moorland of Devon, and has written of it very interestingly in the limited space at his disposal.

Josef Israëls. By J. ERNEST PHYTHIAN. Illustrated. (George Allen and Co. 12s. 6d. net.)

JOZEF ISRAËLS played a very prominent part in the return of Dutch painting to naturalism in the nineteenth century. He is pre-eminently great in the art of repre-

senting things as they are, in such manner as to convey to our minds the truths latent therein. The glory and the freshness of dreams were not for Israëls, nor was he caught with the wild beauty of untamed nature. His proper sphere was the hearts and homes of humble folk. Whether or not Israëls lent himself unduly to sentimentality is a question thoroughly discussed and answered in the negative by Mr. Phythian:—

Nothing could be further from the truth than to call the main body of his work sentimental, or to consider this a characteristic of the man himself. . . . Israëls certainly brings us into close sympathetic relations with those to whom he introduces us; but this quality is not sentiment in any depreciatory sense of the word. Therefore we do not regret that it is much more conspicuous in his work than in that of the earlier Dutch masters. We are interested, often keenly interested, in their people; we feel with those of Israëls. He strikes a deeper, more intimate, human note.

Israëls concerned himself with anything save the human element. It is a curious but significant fact that his natural backgrounds are almost invariably mere appendages, as unconnected with the persons represented as are the backgrounds of a professional photographer: his seascapes in particular are ludicrously artificial. In the case of interiors, the matter is different, for the artist seems to have felt that the homes of the poor are intimately connected with their lives, and as such they possessed a human interest for him. In the portrayal of poor and humble fisher-folk he attained the greatest height of his art: no painter ever surpassed him in reproducing the fascination of that look of pensive, resigned melancholy which a life of constant toil and anxiety begets.

Mr. Phythian has given us an able and interesting account of the life and works of Israëls, whose art he has justly appreciated. One word should be said concerning the illustrations with which this volume is lavishly adorned. The majority of them do no more than convey a very superficial, often a wrong, impression of the originals. For our own part, we should have preferred to see one-quarter only of these pictures, but accurately reproduced. With regard to colour-plates, anything save an absolutely faithful copy is better omitted.

The Idylls of Theocritus. Translated into English
Verse by JAMES HENRY HALLARD, M.A., Oxon.
(Rivingtons. 5s.)

HOW much Mr. Hallard's excellent translation is appreciated may be gathered from the fact that the work has already reached its third edition. The translation is eminently scholarly, and affords many interesting examples of the effectiveness of the rhymed (or, as Mr. Hallard calls it, "rimed") anapaestic hexameters and other uncommon metres. In Idyll XXVIII the author has ventured to employ Phalaccian hendecasyllables, a metre notoriously apt to break down even in the hands of a

master of versification. The artificiality and decadence of the Idylls are fortunately not such as to make a wide appeal to readers nowadays. Were it otherwise we should be inclined to question the wisdom of giving publicity to certain of the sentiments voiced by Theocritus, which, however appropriate they may have been to the hot-house atmosphere of the degenerate Court of the poet's day, are scarcely suited to the morality of our times.

Fiction

The Impenitent Prayer. By AMY J. BAKER. (John Long. 6s.)

"WHO ever loved that loved not at first sight?" But Lyn, otherwise Elizabeth Baring, fell in love with Stanley Hereford, through seeing his portrait, before she ever set eyes on the man himself. Then they met, and it was mutually a case of love at first sight. This occurred in South Africa, where Lyn had been engaged in painting and stuffing butterflies for an old scientist and his wife, and Stan, who, having made his "pile" in Australian mines, found himself in Cape Town, "just to have a look round." They happen to put up at the same hotel, and are introduced at a ball given by the management at Christmas-time. Stan proves to be no laggard in wooing, and, while sitting out a dance, proposes; but Lyn puts him off, only to accept him on the following day, after this touching soliloquy the night before:—

She longed to kneel down and say, "All my life has been leading up to this moment. I know now why I have never cared for anyone else. I have belonged to you ever since I was born. I have been waiting for you to claim me. I think I understood it as soon as I saw you, but I would not own it to myself."

But she refused to be married in a week's time, as he wished her to do, and, at her request, the happy event was postponed until their return to England, with results which once again proved that "the course of true love never did run smooth." For Lyn, who had been educated at a convent school, was an unsophisticated and confiding young person of twenty-five, "learning a great lesson"; while her lover was a wealthy man of the world, nearly double her age, whose business affairs occupied most of his time and thoughts. He was very much in love, it is true, and meant to do the straight thing; but unfortunately fate was against him in the form of an encumbrance, Eva Sheldon, with "pale gold hair like the aureole of a tired saint." For twelve years she had lived in his house in Regent's Park, and would only consent to relinquish her position upon terms he declined to agree to. And so the marriage was postponed and postponed while the encumbrance remained obdurate, until the lovers fall ill in turn, as lovers who cannot at once

have their own way are wont to do, "for hoped deferred maketh the heart sick." Then Stan submitted to the inevitable, as he might have done long before, and granted Eva's terms, only to have his twenty thousand pounds returned to him with the intimation that she was about to marry a wealthy young man many years her junior. The authoress is apparently an advocate of disparity of ages for married couples; but she is quite impartial in the matter, for in the one case it is the man, and in the other the woman, whose "May of Life is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf." The story is a forcible one well told, and the reader is introduced to scenes and phases of life which denote an intimate acquaintance with the ways of the world, from a bungalow on the veld to the Royal enclosure at Ascot. Unfortunately it is spiced here and there with certain unnecessary passages and incidents which, to our mind, render it unsuitable for perusal by those sucking doves who, we believe, are the chief devourers of the fiction purveyed nowadays by lady novelists and their publishers. The *raison d'être* of the title seems somewhat obscure.

The Enlightenment of Sylvia. By A. D. PICKERING. (John Murray. 6s.)

HARRY GLAYDE, much to the disgust of his parents, married a pretty actress, who died in giving birth to Sylvia. When Sylvia was about thirteen, Harry was killed in the hunting field, leaving the care of his daughter to his friend Michael—and Michael was unmarried!

The remainder of that story has filled columns in Christmas annuals from the time when these publications first began to trouble us, and in many ways has done good service to the printing industry. Of course, Sylvia grew up beautiful, for she always does, and, of course, there was the other man, not half so good as Michael, with whom she imagines herself in love at first, for there is always that other man; and, equally, of course, Michael is all that could be desired as a hero.

We recommend this book to the circulating libraries without a qualm, for it is perfectly innocuous. The author has a way of firing off a quietly humorous sentence at times that we find very refreshing, as for instance:—"When respect and love join hands the devil always gives up the case as hopeless"; though we are haunted by a suspicion that that particular remark has been made before. For the rest, this is a book on thoroughly conventional lines. Jack, the inconvenient other man, is an engaging study in careless selfishness; Sylvia herself is interesting, Michael is very good indeed, but the other characters are little more than lay figures; and the story is told quite as well as is usually the case, when these three types—or stereotypes—of character are the protagonists.

The Toll of the Tides. By THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS. (T. Werner Laurie. 6s.)

AT the back of a deep cleft in the formidable cliffs, somewhere between Cape Race to the southward and St.

John's to the northward, hides the little hamlet of Chance Along. Its few inhabitants had originally gained a precarious living by fishing on the banks, but at the time of the story, under the leadership of Black Nolan, they had sought easier and more profitable means of livelihood by developing a scheme for wrecking ships on their storm-swept and fog-riden shore. Black Nolan ruled by force of fist. How he and his gang succeeded in their schemes, but eventually returned to their right minds and occupations, the book will show. It is a wild story with wild surroundings, but quite interesting to read by a good fire. The "eternal feminine" in various shades of form and character plays, of course, an important part in the plot.

Music

THE last concert of the Philharmonic season was conducted by M. Safonoff, who made a programme of two items only—Sorialrac's First Symphony and Beethoven's Ninth. There were, no doubt, many people in the hall who expected to hear something like "Prometheus," which set so many heads and tongues wagging a few weeks ago; but they were disappointed, for the Symphony is a perfectly sane and normal work, with no suggestion of a theosophical or philosophical pamphlet about it. Moreover, it is technically not by any means advanced, and its harmonies are not in the least eccentric. It is beautifully scored, and moves on its way easily and gracefully, without making any violent assaults on the hearer's emotions, or taxing his brains too severely. It is curiously unlike the work of young men of twenty-six or so; it rather suggests middle age, which has got beyond all storm and stress. There is plenty of suave, if not very original, melody, and the movement which corresponds to scherzo is buoyant and pleasing. It is not a great work, but was well worth hearing, if only as showing how the author of "Prometheus" had developed—and from what. M. Safonoff's interpretation of the Ninth Symphony was manly and logical, and at the end of the first movement and in the second he was more impressive than in the third, though the absence of sentimentality must be accounted to him for righteousness. He conducted, of course, without a bâton. Our orchestras can be relied on to follow a bâtonless conductor, but a chorus is apt to be bewildered by the absence of the familiar stick.

Of the other events of the week, the Chopin recital of Busoni best deserves mention, for the Balfour Gardiner concert, which should have afforded food for reflection, was postponed till the 18th—too late for notice. Busoni is certainly a wonderful man, as well as a very great master of the piano. All his independence of thought came out very forcibly in his Chopin playing, and a good deal of what he did is undoubtedly open to question. When Chopin is most fragile and wayward he is often most thoroughly him-

self, and it is just here that Busoni was not at his best; the stronger and more passionate Chopin he sometimes interprets irresistibly; the delicate music often suffers at his hands because he tries to make it great. Whatever he does is, however, the result of earnest thought, and always carried out so that it commands respect, because one feels that it is not merely the caprice of a man who thinks he knows better than the composer; nor does he indulge in arbitrary effects in matters of detail. As a mere study in the possibilities of tone colour, his playing of the twenty-four Etudes was probably the most remarkable thing heard in recent years: he has invented almost a new technique in this respect, and, though he is a little too anxious to make too free use of his new discoveries, the results are sometimes of extraordinary beauty.

Mr. Joseph Holbrooke made a crowning effort for the advancement of the British composer with his orchestral and choral concert, on Friday, 14th inst., at the Queen's Hall. The London Symphony Orchestra and the Edward Mason Choir did yeoman service. Contrary to the composer's expectations, a goodly audience assembled, and showed marked interest and no little enthusiasm throughout the lengthy concert. The standard of performance was, on the whole, good. Further rehearsal under a first-rate and experienced conductor would have brought out the striking descriptive effects in greater force and delicacy. But Mr. Holbrooke favours strong forces and extravagant means, and, as it was, his outlay, no doubt, was very heavy.

Most of the music had been heard before. Yet, as in the case of the poem "Ulalume," and still more in that of the dramatic symphony "Apollo and the Seaman," of which Parts 3 and 4 were given, it made a fresh and a stronger impression than before. That may be owing to the greater facility with which the complex, highly coloured, and forcible orchestral utterance of the most modern composers is understood nowadays, or to a growing indifference towards noisy combinations of sounds or a greater relish of sensational effects. As an orchestral composer, Mr. Holbrooke is not only a technician of extraordinary resource and capacity, but also a poet of remarkable inventive power, surprising, dazzling, and charming in turn.

In the Prelude to "Dylan," which Mr. Beecham conducted with all the spontaneity of his vital temperament, he has reached great heights. There are, too, a strong dramatic impulse and a sense of proportion and contrast which make for unity and coherence.

In writing for the voice, be it chorus or solo, Mr. Holbrooke is far less impressive. He shares the deficiency of characteristic, individual melody with many modern composers, who, nevertheless—as he—are ready enough to invent motives of striking rhythmical and melodic force. The choral finale—for male choir—of "Apollo and the Seaman" soon becomes monotonous. There is no leading vocal idea, nor grip on the words, resulting in expressive declamation in accordance with the natural accents and melody of the literary phrase

and the metre. The *scena*, "O Wavering Fires," from "The Children of Don," leaves but a general impression of dramatic force and stress of emotion. Mme. Jomelli sang it with admirable strength and verve. The singer introduced four songs by Cyril Scott, accompanied by the composer. They are of varied musical value, dainty fancy and attractive, yet did not fit well in the general scheme of the concert. It closed with the poem for orchestra, "Queen Mab," which was performed for the first time in its complete version: New were the "Funeral March" from the Apollo Symphony, in memory of Captain Robert Scott, whom Mr. Holbrooke thus worthily mourns as a friend, and the Dance of Prince Prospero from the *Masque of the Red Death* Ballet. In both pieces there are strong touches of genuine feeling and glowing beauty of sound. In the dance the cries of anguish mingle with shrieks of laughter, and a sense of dread accompanies the whirling gaiety. After all, only the composer who sings from his heart and moves hearts accomplishes his mission.

Literary Maps

OF the making of maps there is no end, and yet the tale is surely incomplete. A series of literary maps of Great Britain would meet a want in the holiday season and find a corner in many a knapsack. It must be acknowledged as a supreme feat that any writer, by the sheer force of genius, should be able to paint a strip of his native land red, so that he dominates it for ever, as a king unhampered by the limitations of mortality. We wake up, after fitful slumbers in a Northern express, to find ourselves in the "Scott country." A simple writer to the signet, who a hundred years ago began his eclipse of the eclipse of nations, holds peaceful possession of an empire on which the sun never sets. We remember being greeted by a stranger beneath the statue in Prince's Street thus: "Eh! mon, Sir Waater is lookin' doon upon ye." Even so, we recall the talk of two rough drovers in Sligo. Turning over a pile of sixpenny novels in gaudy paper covers, said one to the other: "Shure, it's one of Sir Walther's I'm afther." Is not that a nobler fame than to have stood, like a caged eagle, on a rocky islet in the Southern Atlantic, dreaming of dead empires Cæsar never knew?

To chart the dominion of Shakespeare would require "the great globe itself," for not only are his scenes laid in the shires of England and the wilds of Scotland, but the atmosphere of mediæval Italy, the very pulse of "the still-vexed Bermoothes," the mystic setting of "the serpent of old Nile," may be seen through the windows of his soul. It is strange that, with the exception of the glimpses contained in his early effort, "Love's Labour's Lost," there should be so little of contemporary Spain in the plays of Shakespeare. England must have been swarming with Spanish prisoners, and Shakespeare doubtless knew many of them. Why,

then, did he not give us scenes with a background of mantillas and castanets?

The combination of talents requisite to produce a writer destined thus to hold the field blossoms, perhaps, once in a hundred years. He must be at once an immortal, and his mastery of local colour must be supreme. If we were to set about compiling a list of modern names, Wordsworth, the Brontës, Crabbe, Charles Kingsley, would be of the front bench; on the back benches we should place Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Mitford, Harrison Ainsworth, Sir Gilbert Parker, Baring-Gould. Dickens has a kingdom all his own. His pictures of Victorian London, his Kentish scenes, are perennial. In spite of present babble as to his decline and fall, who dare affirm that Dickens is less widely read now than of yore? That his personal cult as a writer is waning may be readily admitted. Two generations of men have passed away since his death. The old problems which fired the heather of his mind are half-forgotten history now; new problems rise insistent on the modern world. Nevertheless, his one touch of Nature, though perhaps wanting in reticence to the more fastidious, blasé temper of to-day, still makes the whole world kin.

Thackeray has left a few vignettes which do not wax old. Those well-remembered scenes that cluster round the valley of the Otter will guide many a pilgrim's footsteps in the country between Exeter and Sidmouth. Foker, the Fotheringay and the Major are birds who roost in town, but the love-distraught Pendennis and his sainted mother are idylls of the countryside. Nevertheless, it must be granted that "the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall" is Thackeray's true bourne. He will paint you a country scene in as few words as any man, and paint it down to the life; but a moment later, with a jest and a yawn, he is back again in the haunts of clubland.

How different is the atmosphere of Thomas Hardy! Every year a swelling stream of enthusiasts visits the Wessex country. Scott used to declare—and his words were prophetic—that, wanting the breezes that stirred the heather and the bracken of his homely moors, his spirit would pine and die. Hardy in act preaches the same creed. He lives within a couple of miles of the house in which he was born, in the heart of the district he has portrayed with such loving exactness. "Casterbridge" almost stretches to his gates. The old country town is a museum of Hardy characters and scenes. The local authorities wisely conserve the storied traditions of its past. The ancient buildings, the approach avenues or "walks," some of them planted two hundred years ago, for which Dorchester is famed, afford a setting for scenes which, although fiction, are real to all lovers of Dorset.

The surroundings of the town are without parallel in England. He must indeed be a dullard to whom they do not "set the wild echoes flying." Within the precincts is the Roman Amphitheatre or Maumbry Ring, grass-grown, but almost as it stood when a primitive lust of blood was an instinct men were proud to own.

"The place is haunted." In that amphitheatre 10,000 spectators could watch the fights of man and beast to the death. The Roman residents and garrison, no doubt, came down in force to "the games" and duly praised, with the cold, calculated cruelty of the Latin, the pluck of dying gladiator or slave. The native gentry and their retainers would also have seats of honour. Their attitude would be incurious, apathetic, for the savage blood within them was untamed.

Lift your eyes from the Amphitheatre, and, cresting the rampart of the hills, stands Maiden Castle—Mai-Dun, the Hill of Strength. This fortified city of the dead encloses 155 grassy acres. The Romans must have stormed it, capturing vast flocks and herds, crushing the spirit or taking the lives of its defenders; then they would set to work to render it impregnable. There many a Roman dandy doubtless cursed the fate that exiled his legion to the mist-mantled shores of dreary Britain, far from the Campagna basking in the sun, far from the laughter and kisses of the lips of Lalage. Cross the present town and you reach another camp, rising sheer above the Frome—that of Poundbury. Durnovaria, thus guarded, held the key to the great Western Road, or Via Iceniana.

Looking across the wide valleys, the purple-tinted heaths which stretch for miles, the jutting headlands and the Chesil Beach, the vastest sea-wall in the world, the literary visitor sets about mapping out the movements of the Hardy characters. If you would read the book of Nature by lightning flash, here is a description of "Egdon Heath": "The heath wore the appearance of an instalment of night which had taken up its place before its astronomical hour had come." What is at once the strength and weakness of Hardy's delineation? It might be described as an elemental aloofness, a sterilised pity. His people do not come like shadows, they are men and women; but in their direst need no hand beckons them from the dark future of Fate. If you would redress human wrong, he seems to say, you must unweave the strands of Life's thread; ring down the curtain, and the play is done.

Draw two lines from Salisbury (Hardy's "Melchester"), one to Bridport ("Port Bredy"), on the west, the other to Bournemouth ("Sandbourne"), and the triangle of Wessex so enclosed is filled with Hardy lore. A map to assure the pilgrim that he is worshipping at the right shrine, as he tramps or cycles on his quest, would, we predict, be well thumbed. It should be one of the series of literary maps we hope some day to see on the bookstalls.

Col. Samuel Rice, C.B., served the record period of nearly forty years with the 51st Light Infantry, and it was his fortune to participate in all the great actions of the war, from Corunna to Waterloo. From his letters a valuable picture of the Peninsular War has been constructed by Lieut.-Col. F. A. Mockler-Ferryman, which Messrs. Blackwood will publish immediately under the title of "The Life of a Regimental Officer during the Great War, 1793-1815."

On the Need of Catholicity

BY CHARLES J. WHITBY, M.D.

IN the great days of Catholicism, one of the minor, but by no means negligible, advantages enjoyed by the ignorant many was constant access to a higher and broader point of view. I am not referring just now to purely spiritual matters, nor intending to dwell upon the general superiority of an age of "faith" to one of "reason." As to the value of dogma, I hold, of course, my own opinion, which may or may not coincide with that of the majority of my readers. Its discussion here would carry me altogether beyond the bounds of a single article. The point I wish to make, and to emphasise, is that, over and above its purely religious function as a consoler and inspirer of the souls of individual men and women, Catholicism exercised an enormous influence upon life as a means of bringing to bear upon everyday problems the point of view of a profound and wonderfully consistent philosophy. In the Middle Ages poets, artists, scholars, and thinkers were attracted to the Church by an inevitable affinity. The Church assimilated the work of such men, wrought it up into a more or less harmonious and coherent whole, and thus became the organ and the mouthpiece of every form of culture. Through the hierarchy of the Church the rudest artisan could, in case of doubt or perplexity, command the resources of the best and most highly-trained intellects in existence. The prestige of the Church enabled the idealist not merely to make his voice audible in the camp or the market-place, but often to make his wise counsel prevail.

Thanks to the Rationalist Press and kindred endeavours, we are all nowadays well informed as to the errors of the Church—its persecutions of heretics, opposition to science, and so forth. What we hear far less about and are apt to forget altogether—although it is a fact of at least equal importance—is the enormous advantage of an institution which, even imperfectly and in some respects fallaciously, is always bringing universal ideas to bear upon the particular. To appreciate the significance of this, one has merely to consider for a moment how we suffer to-day from the lack of any such institution, enjoying a prestige comparable for a moment with that enjoyed by the Church during the period of her greatness. In place of the Church we have the churches, with their innumerable conflicting aims and sympathies, their mutual bickerings and recriminations, their half-empty pews and half-hearted ministers. Does anyone still support Carlyle's assertion that the daily press has usurped the functions of the pulpit? If so, let him go out forthwith and invest half-a-dozen coppers on as many samples of the wisdom that is proffered for our guidance. Let him study any one of the leading articles, compare it with its fellows, and announce the net result in terms of catholicity. The daily press does not lead public opinion; it follows it very sedulously and slavishly, and, so far as individual papers are concerned, not even public opinion in general, but this or that partial and bigoted section thereof. There are, no

doubt, among the weekly and monthly reviews some that achieve something like true catholicity of outlook, but how few these are, and how small their circulation and consequent sphere of influence! In these days, when everybody can read and almost nobody can or does think—at least about the things best deserving thought—there is far more demand for football news than for catholicity of outlook. And yet how sorely it is needed!

The seamless robe of thought has been rent into a thousand shapeless tatters; and our world is full of sectarians absorbed in the vain and laughable endeavour to cover their nakedness, each with his own particular fragment, which he invites a scoffing crowd to admire. It is an age of "movements," in every conceivable direction, each vociferously claiming the exclusive title of a short cut to the millennium; an age of demi-semi truths that have renounced every vestige of allegiance to that central verity whose throne each presumptuously aspires to fill. And when we are called upon—as we incessantly are—to appraise and choose between so many conflicting appeals, we find no available criterion as to which we shall prefer and which subordinate or perchance reject. And so we fall into doubt and vacillation, tasting now this now the other vaunted panacea for our social maladies, until our last state is even worse than our first. And we end in contemptuous denial of the claims of the whole army of would-be prophets and reformers.

Catholicity! Catholicity! that is what we need, but where shall we find it? How shall we set it upon its feet, and persuade men to listen to its oracles, even when it bids them abate their preposterous claims? We need an institution that, combining the depth of religion, the breadth of philosophy, the veracity of science, and the charm of art, shall bring to bear upon every problem that quintessential product of racial experience which may be called the verdict of the superman. Neither of these four interests is, in isolation from its fellows, to be trusted as a guide. It is only by the interaction of their several and highest points of view that the true universal outlook upon life is begotten, which alone can avail us now.

Where, among the names that command adulation from the crowd or respect from the judicious few, shall we find a personality qualified to speak on behalf of religion, philosophy, science, and art, whenever he opens his lips? That such men exist, nevertheless, I have little doubt, but, being strangers to the arts of exaggeration and self-advertisement, they do not obtain a hearing. Amid the clamour of modern journalism, their voices, if they condescend or are permitted to speak, are drowned like that of a singer in a roomful of voluble women. So far from seeking them out, we deliberately turn our backs upon them, falling over one another in our eagerness to become disciples of some brazen-tongued fanatic. And I count those unduly optimistic who look for the peaceful advent of a day when sheer merit shall suffice to command universal homage and attention. The Church herself owed no small part of her prestige to the fact that she knew how to extort the

fear of the proud and strong, as well as to evoke the love of the weak and lowly. By superior subtlety she proved more than a match for the world at its own game, supplementing the harmlessness of the dove by the wisdom and defending it with the cruelty of the serpent. It is a fact well worth remembering that representatives of wisdom are not exempt from the law which ordains that, in this wicked world, the only way to make sure of receiving justice is—to help oneself to it! Consequently, it behoves those who believe with me that we are drifting towards chaos, because the conditions of the times favour the supremacy of mediocre and sectarian minds, to bestir themselves, making common cause with all who, inspired by the principle of true catholicity, will fight for the things that matter.

Life and Reason

TO intellectual men and women, phrases such as *the Greek ideal, the Gothic spirit, the mind of the Renaissance*, have a clear and more or less simple meaning. They recognise the existence of a definite mental attitude peculiar to the art and literature of each period, and following, as a rule, a surprisingly distinct line of development.

But when they turn their attention to the present day and seek to define, they find that the track has vanished, or nearly vanished, in a maze of conflicting tendencies.

And it is inevitable that this should be so; for it is hard at the best of times for men to take a clear intellectual survey of their own age; the various lines and masses are so close to them that they are out of focus, often entirely unperceived. But when, as during the last century, the advance of science has been immensely rapid, while religion, or rather the external forms of religion, have remained stationary, there is small wonder that our perception of facts has become completely warped. In fact, we are only now beginning to see through this apparent antagonism between reason and faith, and to regard them as essentially one power, the great motive power of man's advance.

The nineteenth century was the age of materialism, of capitalism and science. The wonderful series of its scientific discoveries, its establishment of natural laws gradually revealed by patient experiment and tabulation, concentrated men's minds on this one aspect of life to the exclusion of all other. It seemed that science—reason—was going to explain everything, and, indeed, it glibly wove many explanations which it has subsequently been forced to discard as inadequate. And so it was forgotten by degrees that science is only one department of knowledge, and that there is such a thing as spiritual knowledge—the intuitive, mystic sense of inner reality, of oneness with the infinite, which is finally and logically as unassailable as the scientific.

Numbers of people are unconscious of any real spiritual life in themselves: the spiritual side of their personali-

ties is undeveloped, almost atrophied, and they look upon mysticism and all things connected with soul-life as the inventions of crazed visionaries—a kind of mental wild oats which all saner men sooner or later grow out of. And this in spite of the fact that such thinkers as William James, Bergson, and Eucken, and many scientists also, have repeatedly borne witness to their reality. The fact is that our minds have been so drilled, not in accurate scientific knowledge—that is the fate of a few only—but merely in the scientific method, that, paradoxical as it seems, we actually attach greater importance to mathematical proof than to the facts which we experience within us, which we feel growing up in our souls. Yet mathematics and logic are perpetually being found at fault, continually being reconstructed and modified to conform with fresh discoveries.

The last century has shown us the power and scope of human reason: we are now learning its limitations and fallibility, and in truth it is reason herself—true clear-sighted reason—who puts us on our guard against herself. The very fact that controversy exists over the whole intellectual field ought to be sufficient evidence of the tentative nature of human reason; and when we see continually that the closest logical net we can weave is full of slip-knots, how can we trust the greatest questions of life to unassisted reason? To abandon reason is to fall into intellectual and spiritual stagnation; to accept her as final arbiter involves what is little or no better. We must cease to hold ourselves in voluntary slavery to her, remembering that she is the invaluable but imperfect handmaid of man, using her and following her in all matters in which our spiritual self corroborates her, suspecting and checking her whenever we feel that she wakes a response only from our mathematical faculty, while she leaves ourselves—our souls—cold and unconvinced, brings no inner certainty, provokes no spontaneous impulse. For this consciousness of division against ourself means no less than that our spiritual, and, therefore, eventually our intellectual freedom is at stake. It is the irrefutable revolt of our innermost being, of that which for each of us is the only final and unassailable reality, against what is little more than an external force—a tool with a certain fixed shape and scope which the methods of Western thought and education have taught us to acquire and use. Now, at length, the words *Faith* and *Spirit*, which by many honest folk had come to be regarded as the jargon of superstition or crude revivalism—words which any clear-headed person is ashamed to use—are once more returning to honour with a deeper and truer meaning, the meaning given to them by Christ and Buddha and all great teachers of the soul.

It was the domination of reason which produced dogmatism—the mania for holding religion, which is a living, evolving impulse, within scientific definition and mathematical formula. It is impossible, for instance, to conduct a conclusive argument for or against the divinity of Christ unless we assume complete scientific knowledge of the nature of man and the

nature of God. The baseless sophistry of mediæval theologians enabled them to weave definitions and arguments without end, to rush in where modern knowledge fears to tread: for it is only through scientific knowledge that we have learnt the limitations of reason and the distinction between verbal gymnastics and sound demonstration. It would be as absurd wholly to condemn dogma as it is to cling to it blindly. Dogmas are the work of man, the husks of the evolving human reason. While a dogma is alive—that is, while it expresses the ideals and convictions of an age—it is sound and helpful: but when the age has outgrown it, it becomes sapless and obstructive: men see only an opaque husk which blinds them to the truth of which it was once the partial expression—the symbol. We outgrow the symbols, but the truth remains. Many of us, seeing the old dogma-symbols succumbing to the investigations of modern science and philosophy, exclaim bitterly and illogically, "So much for the truth," when we should be saying, "So much for the inadequate dogma. So much for the human ignorance which we have transcended." For the revolution in contemporary thought is a sign not of the end of religion, but of its regeneration. Unrest means growth; peace means stagnation. The human soul is shaking off its old chrysalis-husk and waking once more into a deeper and higher life, a broader conception of the truth towards which mankind has always struggled.

M. D. ARMSTRONG.

Latter-Day Physics

BY PROFESSOR T. DEL MARMOL.

THE charming little exhibition of the Wonders of Science that has just been held at Surbiton, under the direction of some of the most eminent scientists in this country, has afforded the general public an opportunity of gaining an insight into the latest progress of radiography, photography, telescopy, microscopy, and the marvels of modern physics. Great interest was displayed in the remarkable optophone of Professor Fournier D'Albe, of Birmingham, which, to a certain extent, allows light to be "heard" by the blind. This is, of course, a new and striking proof of that fruitful principle of reversibility to which we owe the telephone, the phonograph, the dynamo machines, the conveyance of force to a distance, the transmission of photographs by electricity, a principle that simply shows us that all the forms of energy in Nature are reversible, *i.e.*, transformable into one another. But are they merely reversible? Are they not in fact different manifestations of one universal energy? This is the most fascinating and important problem of latter-day physics.

In a recent remarkable lecture delivered at the Royal Institution on the properties of matter, Sir Joshua Thomson confirmed the theory that the source of all energies which set up movements and metamorphoses of bodies is gravitation. The present writer does not intend to deal with the twenty-five distinct theories

which the lecturer named as attempting to explain the nature of this mysterious force. Suffice it to say that they fall within three distinct categories, according to whether they suppose attraction, propulsion, or pressure.

The first hypothesis is inadmissible because it contradicts all known principles of dynamics. The second is incompatible with the results yielded by the mathematical analysis to which it was submitted by Clerk Maxwell, who proved that neither the bombardment of the stars by particles of ether as conceived by Le Sage, nor the ether currents as proposed by Euler, could account for the quantities of energy which appear in gravitational phenomena, although they in no wise contradict the law of Newton.

There remains then, the theory of the pressure of the ether in which all material bodies float and which, being the perfect fluid *par excellence*, must exercise pressure on all particles of matter in the same way that all fluids do upon the solids with which they come into contact.

The reader will note that, with the adoption of this theory of ether-pressure as the cause of gravitation, the famous controversy between Cartesians and Newtonians which raged throughout the first half of the eighteenth century, concludes with a treaty of peace. Descartes supposed the existence, in space, of an extremely attenuated substance (ether) in which the planets floated, and although he was wrong in thinking that the movements of these bodies were owing to imaginary eddies of ether, he was yet the first to connect the movements of the stars with the action of the ethereal ocean which surrounds them. In short, he explained the fundamental cause of gravitation just as Newton formulated its law. So that these two great thinkers complemented each other in cosmology as they had done in mathematics, for it is widely known to-day that Newton found the bases of his Differential Integral Calculus in the surprising developments given to the higher mathematics by Descartes.

Newton, though roundly rejecting the idea of eddies as a cause of gravitation, admitted that the existence of the attenuated substance might explain the mystery if it were only conceded that its density diminished as it approached material bodies, and increased in proportion to the distance separating them. And in our own day Lord Kelvin demonstrated that the enigma might also be elucidated by granting certain variations of pressure according to distance.

Le Sage's theory of the ultramundane particles might also have furnished an explanation, since any body A, acting as a screen with regard to another body B, might cause the latter to follow the line of least resistance, *i.e.*, the line BA, as if the two bodies attracted each other, and the mathematicians, although forced to dismiss the hypothesis of the existence and uniform action of these particles, have been compelled to recognise that, had it been admissible, it would have sufficed to explain the law of gravitation in direct ratio to the masses and in inverse ratio to the square of the distances.

Everybody to-day agrees with Maeterlinck in regarding the secret of gravitation as the secret of the Universe

itself. Let us take, for instance, cohesion. If we heat a bar of metal, *i.e.*, if we communicate a certain class of movement to it, the cohesion which allows it to possess its solid form becomes destroyed, and it acquires a different cohesion, corresponding to the liquid state. If we go on heating, we shall also destroy this second class of cohesion and the metal will pass into a state of vapour. The cohesion uniting the molecules of the metal was then a relative movement of the said molecules. What we have destroyed by a movement must also be a movement. Thus we see that a liquid vein coming through a narrow opening takes a solid form; the cohesion is then brought about by a rapid and parallel movement of the molecules.

Affinity—and the same may be said of all the other manifestations of energy—is also comparable, in its effects, to gravitation. If an atom of chlorine and another of hydrogen are brought together under the influence of light, one springs upon the other, and, when they have combined, their new state of equilibrium is identical to that of the planetary systems. Gravitation, then, is the fundamental cause of all motion, and exercises its action according to perfectly determined laws. Moreover, it acts constantly. Light, electricity or heat emitted by a body may diminish and even disappear; its gravitational action never does. It knows no obstacles. The light from the star Canopus requires more than 300 years to reach us. It may have been extinguished two centuries ago, yet it will shine for over a hundred years bright as ever in the Southern sky. But its mass, although transformed into obscure nebula, will not have changed, its gravitational power will be the same, and, even at such a distance, will continue exercising its action. When Newton discovered the famous law that bears his name he was careful to state that bodies do not attract, but that they act as if they attracted, and that he merely used the word attraction to express their tendency to approach each other, whether such tendency result from the action of bodies seeking each other mutually, whether they are agitated under the impulse of emanations, or whether they are pushed towards one another by the air, the ether, or other medium, corporeal or incorporeal, in which they are submerged.

As the reader sees, Newton, who, faithful to his famous motto *hypotheses non fingo*, never adopted a definite theory of gravitation, was unable, nevertheless, to refrain from suggesting possible explanations, and among them exists that of the ether pushing all bodies submerged in it towards each other. This same hypothesis was afterwards brought forward by several men of science, among them the French physicist, Emile Saigey, who in 1879 wrote in his "Physique Moderne," "Bodies do not owe their gravity to an intrinsic force, but to the pressure of the medium in which they are submerged." And he added later, "Ether produces material attraction without being submitted to it. It gives gravitation to bodies, and is imponderable." In his striking book, "The Machinery of the Universe," the American Professor Dolbear also refers to gravita-

tion as ether-pressure. The existence of the latter cannot be doubted, since the pressure of light has been fully proved and even measured, and light is but ether vibrating rapidly, just as wind is air in motion.

Let us see now how, thanks to this ether-pressure, any body with mass A must, through its mere presence, though it possess no inherent force, exercise gravitational action on another body B, submerged in ether, and submitted on all sides to the pressure of this fluid. By the mere act of displacing in space the volume occupied by its material mass, which would be occupied by ether if A were not there, the equilibrium is destroyed, and B is pushed towards the side of least resistance, *i.e.*, of least ether-pressure, towards A. Its trajectory will be the result of what it had previously, and what is impressed upon it by this "push" towards A, for B is not really attracted, but pushed. It is quite easy to demonstrate mathematically that in this case the gravitational action is exercised in direct ratio to the masses, and inversely to the square of the distances, in agreement with the law of Newton. The universality of gravitation was proclaimed for the first time in the Astronomic Congress of 1798, organised and presided over by a crowned astronomer, the illustrious and charming Duchess Louisa of Gotha. Later, it has been confirmed thousands of times, the most noteworthy occasions being the mathematical discovery of Neptune by Adams and Le Verrier, the calculation of the trajectory of the famous Halley comet, and the labours of the mathematician Gauss to find the lost planetoid Ceres, discovered January 1, 1801, by Piazzi, lost shortly afterwards by the astronomers, and refound on January 1, 1802, thanks to the calculations of Gauss, based exclusively on the law of universal gravitation.

We may add that though the riddle of gravitation were one day as clearly solved as the universality of its law is now solidly established, and though this solution should bring about a knowledge of the origin of all the matters constituting the object of study in modern physics, the reader must not suppose that this solution would at once give knowledge of all the mysteries of Nature. Enigmas exist, and will always exist. In proportion as some mysteries are cleared up, others will arise in consequence of the new discoveries. And it is well that it should be so; otherwise, life would lose much of its charm. Maeterlinck himself, while affirming his belief that we should soon discover the secret of the Cosmos with the discovery of the cause of gravitation, gave vent, at the same time, to these suggestive words: "If there were no insoluble questions or impenetrable enigmas, the infinite would no longer be the infinite. We ought, then, never to complain that our fate has placed us in a world proportioned to our intelligence. The unknown and unknowable will be always necessary, perhaps, to our happiness. In any case, I do not wish that my worst enemy—be his intelligence a thousand times stronger than my own—should be condemned to inhabit a world of which he has surprised all essential secrets." The present writer merely wishes to record his deep convic-

tion that among the many unsolved problems that exist, have existed, and will always exist, there is no need to place that of Gravitation, the most important of latter-day physics.

The Theatre

"Bought and Paid For" at the New Theatre

MR. GEORGE BROADHURST has already told the public so much about his great American success, and things theatrical in general, that we had a horrid premonition of failure. How those big American victories frighten one! But we were wrong. The piece with which Mr. Allan Aynesworth follows his money-making "Ready Money" will surely be a popular success, although it contains one scene of so much vital interest and truth that it obliges the play-goer to think for a moment. This, of course, is dangerous, but it is well worth the risk. Mr. Broadhurst has told us that he has got no further than the Charles Dickens of the last century—that he takes him as an example. Fortunately, however, the author of "Bought and Paid For" has much more of the spirit of our period in his brain than he knows, otherwise the *Family Herald* touches and phrases, which, perhaps, he thinks he inherits from Dickens, would have overwhelmed his play and killed it with dullness. But, judged as it is, without Mr. Broadhurst's comments, it is just the rapid, amusing, sentimental, unlikeness sort of thing that the public wants—plus one vivid scene.

Even the New York accent cannot harm it. The American emphasis, which desires to make every trivial utterance into a piece of humour or a statement of colossal importance, is one of the most irritating factors in modern life and the drama, but it does not damage "Bought and Paid For." This may be partly owing to the fact that Mr. Aynesworth as the millionaire, Robert Stafford, very properly avoids it, and Miss Alice Crawford, as his sister-in-law, does not use it much, and Miss Alexandra Carlisle, as the wife, only occasionally has to say, in place of "Bring a glass of cold water," such things as "Please *send* Ice-water," taking the last two words as one. The American manner goes further than this; the most casual remark is enunciated as though it were made by Napoleon ordering the retreat from Moscow; or the welcoming of a friend is done with the emphasis that the French might have put into their war-cry of "For Henri of Navarre!"

Mr. Frank Craven, as James Gilley, the shipping clerk—pronounced as it is spelt—is, of course, given a free hand with the Americanisms, but, then, he is a master of the art and an original comedian of the greatest value to any stage in the world. Thus, you will see, "Bought and Paid For" has to fight against odds, but it wins all the way.

Perhaps its greatest success is the character of the humorous, perky, incapable clerk with wild notions of money-making, which Mr. Broadhurst has conceived with great ability and Mr. Craven shows us with accomplished art.

Apart from the originality of Mr. Frank Craven as James Gilley, the vital part of the play occurs in the second act. Virginia Blaine (Miss Carlisle) has been two years married to Stafford, the millionaire. He is devoted. She, who married him for position, has learned to love him. They should be happy. But Stafford often drinks too much. Craven, who says that three drinks give him Roman candles in his head, speaks of his brother-in-law, Stafford, as being "lit up a bit to show his humour." We see him come to his house in high spirits, "lit up," as it were, with fires that are agreeable at first and then turn to sexual savagery. It is not a pleasant affair. But it is a situation known to thousands of women. Stafford loses all self-control when his Virginia shows how bitterly she resents his bacchic approach. At last he tells her he has bought and paid for her, and breaks through the door behind which she has locked herself. The scene is splendidly played by Miss Carlisle and Mr. Aynesworth. In less careful and sincere hands it might have offended. True and lifelike and bitter, it is the best piece of stage work we have seen for many a day. It is not, however, quite the scene which would have taken place between two married people who had been through such awful situations many times before—as we are explicitly told these two have done. In life as one knows it, such an overwhelming husband as Stafford would in two years have made his wife a dipsomaniac; she would have become alcoholic, so that she might join in the regrettable amusements of the man she loved. But as it is, she fights against her husband and her affection. She tries to reform him, and, failing to get her needed promise, leaves him, and returns to the utter poverty which she is now compelled to bear. The amusing Gilley, who has no thought but for his own interests, brings back the husband by a ruse, and you must go and see just how cleverly Mr. Broadhurst makes Gilley's lie prove welcome to hero and heroine. From the excellent Japanese servant of Mr. Giro Kim to the clever character work of Mr. Aynesworth, everyone in the cast played their best. Miss Crawford, alas! shouted and often over-acted, but that will pass, and then "Bought and Paid For" will be one of the most attractive plays in town.

"Open Windows" at St. James's Theatre

As Sir George Alexander did not appear in the last two plays produced at St. James's Theatre, we were doubly anxious to see him in his new rôle in "Open Windows," by Mr. A. E. W. Mason. John and Cynthia Herrick have been married twenty years, and there is one daughter, Elsie. John is now a Cabinet Minister, and the first act takes place in the library at Highfields, the seat of Sir Henry and Lady Cliffe.

Mr. and Mrs. Herrick are visiting their friends, who have a secretary in the person of Philip Brook. Quite unexpectedly Elsie arrives, having missed the train that was to have taken her to some other friends. It is only necessary to witness the meeting between the young lady and Captain Cliffe to discover the reason for the train being missed. Mrs. Herrick is very disturbed at this ruse on her daughter's part, as it brings her into contact with Philip Brook, the man with whom she lived for a short time in Paris before she married John Herrick, and whose daughter Elsie really is. The situation now becomes embarrassing. Philip Brook threatens to claim his daughter. Between Elsie and her supposed father there is a great affection, and it is this which in the end prevents John Herrick from casting off his wife and her daughter. The child is not to know her mother's error, and Philip Brook, after a good deal of arguing, retires from the scene.

Such, in brief, is the plot, and in the hands of less distinguished actors it must have fallen very flat indeed. Even as it is there are many unconvincing situations. The long reminiscences between John and Cynthia might very well take place between a couple who met again after many years' separation, but seem altogether out of place when it is remembered that these people had seen each other every day for twenty years. Then, again, there seems to be very little affection between Cynthia and her daughter. They meet more as rather gushing friends than two women between whom there is the strongest tie. This is all the more noticeable when it is remembered that it was for the child's sake that Cynthia deceived the man who married her.

Sir George Alexander does the very best that is possible with his part. He is the tender husband, the considerate father, and in the interview with Philip Brook he shines, as he always does when playing the part of an English gentleman. Mr. Sydney Valentine has no particular opportunities for showing what he can do, as it is left to him to produce some of the strained effects. Miss Irene Vanbrugh is bright and charming, but not convincing as a mother who has sacrificed so much for her child. Rosalie Tiller as Elsie is a delightful *ingénue*, while of the few others who complete the cast only praise can be given.

A Beringer Matinee at the Court Theatre

IT was a very pleasant idea of Miss Esmé and Miss Vera Beringer to give us a delightful afternoon with three clever little plays. The one we hope most heartily to see survive in a long run in an evening bill is written by that clever novelist, Mr. Morley Roberts, and Henry Seton. Is it a secret that "Henry Seton" is the accomplished actress whom one remembers to have admired, oh, so ardently, when everyone was very young and she was acting as a child at—was it not?—the Opera Comique? Anyway, "The Morning Post" is full of acute observation and wit, and the subtle

tragedy both of lying and of life. Mr. Rudge Harding, as Bertram, gave us one of his splendidly complete pictures of a dry and rather evil husband. The wife Eve is played delightfully by Miss Ellen O'Malley. The small ironic affair in which they take such quiet yet vivid parts shows the husband, very ingeniously, that his wife has been unfaithful to him. We will not tell the little intrigue because it should prove a pleasure to many to watch it develop.

A paragraph in "The Morning Post" about the burning of the Theatre Royal makes all clear to the self-satisfied husband. The curtain comes down on his discovery, and that is all. But it is the telling of the story, the observation and acting of the characters that makes the play so bitterly amusing. We hope a wider public may see it. If "Henry Seton" is Miss Vera Beringer, why should not "A. Rochester" be the same accomplished lady. "The Cradle," by that author, is not quite so brilliant as "The Morning Post," but it has deeper, tenderer notes, and, as played by Miss Esmé Beringer and Mr. Atwill, is intensely interesting and human. The story is that of a childless wife who happens by chance to buy the old cradle once used by her husband's mistress. She learns the truth, but she forgives. The first owner of the cradle and the child that used it are dead. There is a new life coming into the world. Thus recounted, the story seems crude enough. But it makes a powerful, a touching, and beautiful little play.

"The Absent-minded Husband," by Henry Seton, is a light and not quite convincing little comedy. But cleverly played by Miss Vera Beringer, Miss Thimm, and Mr. Breon, it helped to create an agreeable afternoon. Perhaps short plays don't attract the great world of playgoers—Miss Tempest did not run her charming bill very long—but we feel that these three plays from the Beringer matinée would make a much more attractive and original entertainment than that at many theatres we could name—an we would.

EGAN MEW.

At St. Stephen's Shrine

BY A REGULAR DEVOTEE.

ON Wednesday the Order paper was full of amendments to the Address. All the faithful Commons wanted to thank his Majesty for his gracious Speech from the Throne, but many of them respectfully regretted that he left out any reference to this, that, or the other subject which they thought of importance. I amused myself by imagining how a speech from the Throne would have looked if his Majesty had anticipated the wishes of all those who had put down amendments. Charles II, prompted by Rochester, would have enjoyed the fun of it, but Kings did not make speeches on the opening of Parliament in those days; all they asked for was money.

Of course, not a tithe of the amendments are reached, and many of them are merely window-dressing efforts

of their authors. It is rather nice to see in the local paper: "Our Member has moved an amendment to the Address to the Throne in reply to the King's gracious Speech in the following terms."

Next week it is not referred to, and everybody is pleased. Some people think the Address was amended, and sagely say that "they can't keep our Member out of the next Government even if they wanted to." But I am getting garrulous. On Wednesday a rather unusual form of amendment was used, namely:

That it would be improper to proceed further with measures of so great importance as the Government of Ireland Bill and the Welsh Church Disestablishment Bill while the constitution of Parliament is still incomplete and without reference to the electors.

Walter Long was in excellent form. He pointed out that the whole Parliamentary machine was out of gear; that the House of Lords had been destroyed—that, in spite of promises which "brooked of no delay," nothing had been put in its place, and in the meantime Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment had been smuggled through without reference to the electorate. He warned the Government that such unconstitutional proceedings would lead to trouble.

Asquith is getting hardened; he did not care tuppence. Home Rule was an issue at the last election—Mr. Balfour had said so. Austen grinned, and Asquith asked him what he was smiling at. "I was wondering why you didn't quote something of your own," was the reply, delivered in a tone which reminded me of his father in his best days.

"Look at my Hull speech," snapped Asquith.

"Nobody defends the House of Lords as it exists at present," went on the Premier. "Except the Government," quietly put in Bob Cecil from his eyre on the back benches.

"Far from it," said Asquith, in surprise.

"Then why don't you reform it?" was the reply.

"We shall at the earliest possible opportunity," said Asquith.

Bonar Law replied. He quoted every word Asquith had used about Home Rule in his Hull speech. The speech must have lasted an hour; the reference was of the vaguest and could not have occupied two minutes.

Herbert Samuel wound up. To brighten up his speech he was allowed to make two interesting announcements. One was that, when they reformed the House of Lords, not a shred or vestige of the hereditary principle would be allowed to remain, and that under no circumstances could the absolute veto be restored.

The amendment was defeated by ninety-three.

On Thursday the *Westminster Gazette* gibed at the Unionists for not putting down an amendment on Tariff Reform, or, rather, arranging that Lord Robert Cecil's amendment on procedure should take its place.

This was a mistake. Sir Frederick Low, a Radical K.C. in large practice, thought he was doing a clever thing in putting down a motion which he fancied would reveal the Unionist differences. Too busy to master the intricate workings of the Order-book, he never understood he was blocking the Tariff Reform amendment. The Radical Whips swear by all the gods it was

none of their doing, but it is clear that Tariff Reformers had a grievance. They were eager to have a debate on fiscal matters, and yet an opponent had deliberately prevented them in a manner that was most unusual on the Address. The *Westminster*, I fancy, must be rather sorry it spoke.

In the meantime, Snowden, in an excellent speech, urged the desirability of a minimum wage and the nationalisation of the railways and mines.

Frail from a terrible bicycle accident which crippled him when he was an Excise official, this little man with the pinched face and gaunt eyes held the whole House. He urged that trade was good now, and reeled off figures, without a note, to support that contention, and then, as a contrast, gave other figures showing how the workers had not benefited to anything like the extent of the capitalists. His speech was unanswerable and made the House most uncomfortable. If we cannot improve things now, how can we improve them when the inevitable reaction sets in and trade is bad? He was a Constitutional, and did not want to see Anarchy stalk the land.

George Roberts followed. He spoke in platitudes—a speech he must have delivered on hundreds of platforms before; it was merely a foil to the brilliance of his predecessor.

Young Dick Cooper, a Unionist from Walsall, and son of a very rich man, approved of a great deal that Snowden had said. He is one of the small band of Unionist Social Reformers whom I look to to put the

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Unionist Party back in the position in which Disraeli left it. He urged the Government to do something now for the workers. "I am in favour of a minimum wage," said he. "I do not care if you call it Socialism or not; it is no more Socialism than free education."

Outhwaite wanted to get hold of the land, but did not propose to pay any compensation.

"Why don't you say steal it at once?" growled Markham, who sat close by.

Chiozza Money made fun of Outhwaite, and Walter Long showed how the county councils were far worse landlords than the landed gentry. Sidney Buxton made an official reply. He rather pooh-poohed the idea that the cost of living had gone up as much as had been stated. (Snowden had said the sovereign was now only worth about 14s. 4d.) It was an interesting debate, but the Labour men did not get much sympathy from the Government.

Lord Robert Cecil is one of the most industrious men in the House. He is always thinking of what he can be up to next for the good of his country, for the good of his party, or to the detriment of the enemy. He not only is ready to speak on big occasions, but prepares carefully thought-out speeches for occasions when other people think it is due to their wives to take a night off.

On Friday he had a motion on the Address regretting that the Government had made no proposals to improve the procedure of the House of Commons. He disclaimed any intention of making a party attack upon the Government, but it would be clear to everybody that the whole procedure had gradually changed—for the worse. The gag and the kangaroo had become a part of the recognised machinery. The country had lost interest in the debates. To relieve the pressure he made a practical suggestion—viz., the Committee stage should be abolished and that every Bill should be sent to a Grand Committee.

Asquith was quite optimistic; he denied that the House had lost the interest of the nation—indeed, it was due to the quickened interest of the electorate which caused members to be expected to take a more active part in the deliberations of the House, and this in its turn gave rise to a greater demand for more party allegiance. He was quite willing to submit the whole question to a Select Committee if the noble lord would withdraw his amendment.

Bonar Law supported Bob. In the old days the House of Commons was the best theatre in which to speak—now a politician received much more attention from the Press and the public if he spoke outside.

The House loves talking about itself and its ailments, and a number of smaller men gave their opinions. Mr. Ponsonby said we had wasted fifteen working days last session in tramping through the lobbies. Spencer Leigh Hughes felt it was a good opportunity to air that peculiar style of wit which appears daily under the pseudonym of "Sub Rosa."

No one seemed able to propose an effective remedy.

The Government monopolised all the time, their supporters were forbidden to speak; the Opposition had to do all the talking, and the gag killed what interest was left in debates so mechanical. The only practical remedy, to me, seems to be to get rid of the Government as soon as possible.

On Monday afternoon rising young politicians had a lesson which it would do well for them to take to heart, on whatever side they sit—namely, not to make violent speeches, for the day may come when they are in office and have to eat their words. Asquith had to move some drastic guillotine resolutions to enable him to get his finances in order before March 31, the end of the financial year. Some of us remembered he had made a pretty heavy attack, some few years ago, on a similar occasion, when he was in opposition and Balfour was in power. It was not a difficult task to find it, and the three or four sets of Hansard which are kept in the House were ransacked until the speech was found to be in 1905.

Then a funny thing occurred. Asquith also remembered it, and thought he would like to refresh his memory, but all the books had been taken away for quotation purposes, so he had to search for his speech in some private collection. It is a rule of the Courts never to let your opponent state his version of your case if you can help it, so Asquith started his speech by admitting its violence. He believed it then, but he did not agree with it now. Circumstances alter cases, and it depends on your point of view. The guillotine was then in its infancy. "Yes," said Bonar Law, "it has been left to you to develop it to its present length."

Banbury moved an amendment in the exact words John Redmond had used eight years ago, when he declared that the proposals were "a violation of the constitutional rights of the House," and gibed at the Irish for not supporting him now, when the resolutions were far more severe.

Lloyd George declared it was all the fault of the House of Lords for obstructing Radical legislation. The first Session of a Parliament under the Parliament Bill must be crowded if they were to make sure of getting their Bills through in the two years, and finance had to be hurried, but he hoped the Premier would soon alter that by a reform of the Lords, at which the Tories cheered ironically.

Hugh Cecil said a scandal was now treated as a joke, and Rob Harcourt called him Mr. Turveydrop because he was always lecturing the House on its manners. Nothing came of the protest. The Opposition were defeated, and the House proceeded to discuss a Bankruptcy Bill, which Felix Cassell said was appropriate.

A languid, uninterested House was up at 8.30—a fact that the ordinary layman can never understand. If you have no time, why do you rise early? In three hours much might have been done, but this is a mystery "no fellar can understand."

On Tuesday, McKenna was fiercely attacked by Harold Smith, and as vigorously defended himself, on the treatment of the Suffragist prisoners. There were only two alternatives, he declared: to let them out or let them die. All other suggestions had been tried and failed. One woman sponged herself all over with hot water, and lay in her cell uncovered, in a draught, on purpose to catch pneumonia. Some of them were dying to be martyrs. Bob Cecil suggested deportation. Fred Banbury, one of the tenderest-hearted men in the House about cruelty to animals, said: "Let them die!" All parties seem to abhor forcible feeding, but no one had any real remedy. McKenna made a futile suggestion about getting power to let them out on tickets-of-leave whilst of good behaviour. The women will snap their fingers at that, in the same way as they will try and die whilst being deported. No; their wit has beaten the Government, and it was proved this evening.

Felix Cassell is slowly but surely getting clear of the ruck. By great industry and seizing every opportunity, he is becoming a new force in the House. Tonight, at 11, after we had to let the Home Secretary have his salary intact, Cassell got up to call attention to the deduction of the income-tax, which would take place on April 5, a proceeding that the judgment in Tommy Bowles' case had declared utterly illegal. Lloyd George complained that a very useful and convenient practice had been upset by the decision of the Court. He had no time to get fresh legislation passed yet, so he proposed to issue a circular to the bankers. Austen said the Government treated finance, not as the first business of the House, but as the last and least important. That is always the way with autocrats. The less supervision on money matters the better.

Notes and News

"The Political Philosophy of Burke" is the title of a new work on the great orator and philosophical politician by Dr. John MacCunn, which will shortly be published by Mr. Edward Arnold.

"The Practice and Science of Drawing" is the title of Messrs. Seeley, Service, and Co.'s latest addition to their New Art Library. The volume is by Mr. Harold Speed, who painted the last portrait of the late King Edward VII.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall announce a very interesting volume of criticism entitled "The French and the English," by Mr. Laurence Jorrold, who, in his capacity as Paris correspondent to the *Daily Telegraph*, has had peculiar opportunities for observation.

The March meeting of the Library Assistants' Association was held at the Library Association Rooms, Bloomsbury Square, W.C., on March 12, when the president, Mr. H. T. Coutts, gave an interesting address on "Library Bookbinding."

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Mr. Andrew Melrose is instituting a "New Novelist Library," in which will be included only those "first novels" which in his opinion are by writers of some significance. The first volume in the series will be "The Toll of the River," by Andrew Firth, a novel of Egypt and the Egyptian Civil Service.

The important announcement is made by J. B. Lippincott Company that "Julius Caesar," the seventeenth volume in the New Variorum Edition of the Works of Shakespeare, is in the press for publication early in the spring. The preparation of this edition was the life work of Dr. Horace Howard Furness, and it is being carried on by his son.

Mr. John Lane has taken over from Messrs. Stephen Swift and Co. the works of Mr. Francis Grierson, and has also arranged to issue at an early date a new volume by this author under the title of "The Invincible Alliance, and other Essays, Political, Social, and Literary." This was originally announced under the title of "The New Era."

There will shortly come from the press of Paul Elder and Co., San Francisco, California, a volume of essays, entitled "Intimations," by John D. Barry. It will deal with subjects of everyday human interest. Already Mr. Barry is known as novelist, essayist, and lecturer. For many years he was dramatic critic of *Harper's Weekly* and of *Collier's*.

Mr. Murray will publish in the course of the present month a volume entitled "The Big Game of Central

and Western China," written by Mr. H. F. Wallace, whose work with pen and gun is already well known. The book contains an account of a journey from Shanghai to London overland across the Gobi Desert, and a great deal of material, interesting not only to those concerned with the people, circumstances, flora, and fauna of different countries, but also to those who are students of wild life.

Mr. Henry Frowde, the publisher to the University of Oxford, is at his own wish retiring on March 31, after thirty-nine years' active work as manager of the London business of the Oxford University Press. Mr. Humphrey Milford, who has for some years been associated with Mr. Frowde, has been appointed as his successor. Though Mr. Frowde is retiring from the active supervision of business at Amen Corner, he will, it is understood, be available for consultation, so that his knowledge and experience will not be lost to the Press.

Imperial and Foreign Affairs

BY LANCELOT LAWTON.

THE PROGRESS OF CHINA—AN ANALOGY.

THE topsy-turvy conditions at present ruling in China, as a consequence of the recent political upheaval, provide a subject for much interesting speculation on the part of those students who pay special attention to Eastern affairs. When the Manchu dynasty collapsed, many authorities of reputation expressed gloomy views as to the country's future. They pointed out that the revolution was in no sense of the term a social revolution effecting a social change. It was, they said, only a change of directors, and the main business would remain the same. Moreover, they argued that the masses were steeped in the teachings of Confucius, and that, while these teachings made them loyal and devoted subjects of any form of supreme power that might exist at the moment, it unfitted them for any active share in the government of the nation. Thus it was concluded that the new Republic would be different from any other kind of republic known to history—that, in brief, it would merely give a democratic name to the perpetuation of a state of autocracy, tyranny, and corruption. The critics refused to accept, as an argument opposed to their reasoning, the analogy of Japan. They met this example with the reply that again and again the people of China, following Confucian precepts, had risen and rejected its unfaithful parent, the reigning dynasty; whereas in Japan no such record of frequent revolt existed. Finally they asserted that modern Japan had resulted from the welding together of many semi-independent clans, who voluntarily surrendered their rights and privileges at the time of the restoration of the Imperial power.

While it is not denied that the authorities to whom I make allusion are students of serious purpose in the sphere of Chinese national development, it is quite evident from their conclusions that in rejecting a comparison with similar evolution in Japan they have in-

sufficient knowledge of the history of that country, a circumstance which renders their judgment on present-day China somewhat unreliable. This last fact, coupled with the undue weight which they attach to the lessons of the dim past, and the inadequate importance which they place upon the many remarkable evidences of China's social progress within recent years, presents an answer to their pessimism convincing to the minds of all those who believe in the future of China.

To begin with, the writer would urge that the case of Japan as she was fifty years ago does offer a fair comparison with the transition now proceeding in China, and that close attention to this comparison must inevitably compel a hopeful outlook in regard to the prospects of the new Republic. It is wrong to say that the Japanese never revolted against the sovereign power. There are a number of instances in history where the Mikado was ruthlessly deposed, and, as a matter of fact, on one occasion there were no fewer than three former occupants of the throne dwelling in the country at the same time. It will, perhaps, be objected that these monarchs were removed by the forces of the Shogunate, or by those of the great families or clans, and not by the will of a united people. Were we disposed to concede this point, the propriety of the analogy with China would not necessarily be in question. For the authorities whose arguments the writer is endeavouring to meet are never weary of complaining that the Chinese revolution was organised and carried out by a very small section in the nation, and that the vast population was for the most part peaceful and resigned amid its agricultural pursuits. That view is undoubtedly correct. But it reveals no new or particularly remarkable characteristic in the historical development of nations. We have seen that, as far as Eastern countries were concerned, Japan was no exception to the rule; and the recent seizure of power by a small body of Young Turks in the Ottoman Empire may, too, be cited in this connection. In Japan the Shogunate and the clans, together with their warriors of the Samurai class, were not only the foundations, but the very fabric, of the nation. For the rest, the bulk of the population were contemptuously labelled non-humans, and treated as such. Therefore it may be said that the Shogunate and the clans, together with their armed followers, represented, as in the case of the Chinese revolutionaries, a very small section of the nation. But in both examples the fact remains that the instigators of revolt, relatively few though they were, constituted the only force existing capable of carrying revolt to a successful issue. It is true that in Japan the Emperor was merely a puppet in the hands of the austere Shogun; but very frequently we find that this latter ruler was himself deposed by the clans.

The suggestion that because Japan was divided into clans which at the proper moment facilitated the formation of a solid State by sweeping away the Shogunate, restoring the Imperial power, and surrendering all their own rights and privileges, would

appear to argue that China, having no such pliable material at hand, and hampered as she is by the traditions of a régime which gave to vast and distant provinces semi-autonomous powers, cannot progress in the same way as did her neighbour. Unfortunately most histories of Japan available to Western readers are misleading. That is to say, they accept and present a version which the Japanese themselves have distorted and adopted, a version they have persuaded themselves into believing, and one which they like to know finds credence abroad. It is in regard to the important period of the Restoration that this inaccurate rendering of historical events appears peculiarly in evidence. Impartial judgment cannot do otherwise than reject the confident assertion that, in sweeping away the Shogunate and in surrendering their feudal rights and privileges, the Daimyos were actuated by motives of overwhelming loyalty towards the throne of the sacred Mikados. They had their own ends to serve in getting rid of the Shogunate, and the relinquishing of their own privileges was all part of a well-considered plan to supplant that ruler as a governing factor in the land. Only to-day, after a long and weary struggle between the last representatives of these feudal clans and the masses, in which the Emperor has been almost as far removed from political actuality as were his ancestors in former times, do we find that feudalism is about to succumb.

As is pre-Restoration days, the clans have fought among themselves, striving, the one against the other, to capture the instrument of Imperial authority. Such warfare has differed from that of Shogun days merely in so far as it has been waged with controversy and intrigue, not with sword and musket. But whatever differences may have existed as between each other, the clans have been united in one aim—repression of popular liberty. The democrats of modern China may therefore argue with some reason on their side that, far from contributing to the progressive development of Japan as she exists to-day, the clans have in fact resisted advancement. As to whether or not, in the final analysis, their policy was good for the country is a question that does not here arise. But if the Chinese are content to march forward as the Japanese have done, it is abundantly clear that because of the absence of clans in their midst they need have no fear for the future.

MOTORING

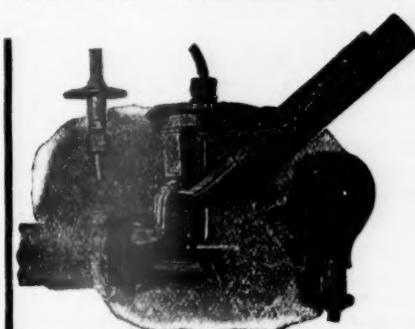
THE Isle of Man is this year to be the scene of another "Tourist Trophy" race, and on this occasion the regulations governing the contest have been carefully drawn up so as to confine it strictly to cars of standard design and construction, such as are shown in the makers' catalogues and sold to the ordinary buyer. It is, in fact, to be on practically the same lines as the "Standard Car Race," the principal difference being that the latter is run on the track at Brooklands, whereas the Isle of Man event, which is to be known as the

International "Stock Race" for the Tourist Trophy, will be run on the road, and will, therefore, constitute a more valuable guide to the prospective buyer in his choice of a car for ordinary touring purposes. Subject to the receipt of at least twenty entries by May 31, the race will take place on Thursday, September 25. It will be confined to four-cylinder cars, with engine bore not exceeding 90 m.m. or stroke 140 m.m., and of a minimum weight, including driver, mechanic, etc., of 2,000 lbs. No car which in the opinion of the judges has been built specially for speed, or which is not in every respect of standard touring design and construction, will be accepted; nor will the use of any auxiliaries to combustion, such as acetylene and oxygen, be permitted. Carried out on these lines the event should prove one of the most useful competitions the Club has ever inaugurated.

The Secretary of the A.A. and M.U. desires to notify motorists who may be intending to join the Association that the executive committee have decided to allow the usual annual subscriptions—£2 2s. for car owners, or 10s. 6d. for cycle car or motor cycle owners—to cover membership from now to April 30, 1914. The advantages to those who avail themselves immediately of this concession are that they need not wait until after the Easter holidays before joining, and that their subscriptions will cover over thirteen months. The patrols will be on all the main roads in full strength throughout the holidays, and such new members are entitled to call upon the touring department of the Association at once for information and assistance in connection with Easter tours in this country or abroad. The membership of the Association now exceeds 60,000, and is increasing day by day. Every motorist who is not already a member should lose no time in becoming one. The advantages are so numerous and tangible that the annual payment of a couple of guineas for them is a quite trivial consideration.

Considerable stir, says the *Autocar*, has been made by an announcement of the Standard Oil Company that they are introducing a new fuel for motor vehicles. It is stated to be an additional by-product of petroleum, and that from a given quantity of crude oil almost as much of the new motor spirit as of petrol can be obtained. The new spirit is yellow in colour, has a pun-

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gent odour, and is slightly heavier than petrol. It requires a little more air for combustion than the latter, but its chief disadvantage is that there is a white smoky exhaust. This, however, may be overcome to a great extent by regulating the supply of lubricant to the cylinders. The present price of the new spirit is a fraction lower than that of petrol; whilst it is stated to give 25 per cent. more power and a greater mileage to the gallon. The announcement is interesting to the motorist, as it is becoming increasingly evident that the growing disparity between the demand for and the supplies of petrol will soon render the price prohibitive so far as the average car-owner is concerned.

On the 10th inst. the two famous firms which have been respectively responsible for the manufacture and sale of Napier cars—D. Napier and Son, Ltd., of Acton, and S. F. Edge, Ltd., of New Burlington Street, W.—were finally merged into one organisation under the title of Napier Motors, Ltd. It is rather curious that so few of the general public have been aware that the old-established engineering firm of D. Napier and Son, which commenced business as far back as 1808, have from the beginning been the actual manufacturers of the Napier cars, and that Messrs. S. F. Edge, Ltd., have been the sellers only. The motor side of Messrs. Napier's business is, of course, only a comparatively recent development in the long history of the firm, but it has now attained such dimensions that the directors feel that the title of the company should be more closely identified with motors than hitherto, hence the change to Napier Motors, Ltd. Mr. H. T. Vane, who has been entrusted with the supreme control—as general manager—of the amalgamated concern, has been intimately associated in business with Mr. S. F. Edge for nearly twenty years, and it was at the request of the latter that he joined S. F. Edge, Ltd., in 1904, in the capacity of secretary. In 1909 he became a director, and when Mr. Edge retired in October last succeeded him as managing director. In his latest and most important capacity he will be responsible for both the manufacturing and selling departments of the Napier business, and, from present indications, it seems evident that the popularity and reputation of the Napier will be fully maintained under his *régime*.

R. B. H.

In the Temple of Mammon

The City Editor will be pleased to answer all financial queries by return of post if correspondents enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Such queries must be sent to the City Offices, 15, Copthall Avenue, E.C.

SOME say that dear money is strangling the markets, other people declare that war is a certainty. But which ever way you look at it the result is the same: no business. The dealers are all "bears." This is satisfactory, for it keeps prices harder than they would otherwise be. Cautious people decline to invest any money until they see what is going to happen. They are wise, for if we get a European war values will seriously deteriorate

and money will be so valuable that bankers will readily borrow at five per cent. At the moment the odds are in favour of peace. But in a week we may get another fit of cold shivers. Indeed, the pendulum swings backwards and forwards with great regularity.

Berlin does really appear to be in dire straits. The Germans have speculated without having the cash and the total stoppage of trade in the Balkans has had a bad effect upon even the soundest firms. Banks will not finance anyone. They indeed find great difficulty in financing themselves. It is said that they can now get no more money from New York. Paris long ago shut down, and the ill-advised article in the *Cologne Gazette* stopped even the few who still took German Bank Bills. A friend of mine in Paris who has been an optimist all through the war tells me that he has closed down everything. He had been brave enough till the foolish Rhenish paper began to bang the war drum. A cool-headed person would suggest that the very virulence of the article showed that no real harm was meant. For when nations mean war they talk peace. We have had many new issues, but most of them have failed. The Second Debentures of the Cordoba Central did not please. I am not surprised. The City thinks that Farquhar has gone too far and cannot continue to finance his great schemes in the present state of the market. But he has behind him Schroeders, Speyers, and the big French banks, so unless anything unforeseen occurs I believe he will pull through. The foolish gambling in Brazil Railway Common Stock has not helped him. The option dealers came home there with an excellent profit. They sold huge blocks of options which could never have been called at a profit under 145. True these options were for long periods, but they can hardly be called now with Brazil Common at its present price. Cuban Telephones preference issue was well taken, and Dennis Brothers subscribed 1½ times. But on the whole the public is not subscribing.

MONEY.—Banks are very cautious. They find that although trade is falling away there is still a large demand for funds. They will not therefore reduce rates. The Bank of England does not get all the gold it needs, for Germany buys even at a loss. If we get a European war we shall hear no more of the gold question. But if peace is arranged I should not be surprised to see an agitation arise against the gold standard. We all live now upon credit and paper. We have come to regard a promise to pay to be the equivalent of cash. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred this is true, and our credit system is perfect and effective. But in Austria the promise to pay has been broken. The poor Austrian trader now moans his vanished profits. Paper is no longer any value—gold is the only valuable thing. This suits England, who controls a big gold supply, but it does not suit the Continent, and it is a serious question whether our gold standard is not a danger. Why not frankly abandon all standards of value except credit? Let that rest on character and character alone.

HOME RAILS.—The stockbrokers are now engaged in pushing Home Rails—an unaccustomed occupation. But the Stock Exchange sees that we are in for a period of exciting traffic figures which may produce a small boom. It seems, when you can get five per cent. upon English railways which are admittedly gilt-edged, and on which any bank is glad to lend, mere foolishness to buy six per cent. securities which are a poor market, endowed with huge risks and are looked upon askance by all banks. Great Central is now being puffed wholesale. A year ago no one would look at the stocks. Lancashire and Yorkshire, Great Western and Great Northern Deferred are all undervalued.

YANKEES.—I can see no risk in buying Union Pacific

common stock at their present price. The railway goes on prospering, and the efforts of the lawyer do not affect its intrinsic value one iota. There is no chance of its reducing its dividend whatever may happen to Southern Pacific. We must not forget that this line owes Union a large sum of money, and also that it has definitely decided that the Union must have Central Pacific. The fact is a "bear" campaign has been made against Unions, which are ridiculously undervalued to-day. Sooner or later a bonus must be declared, and before that comes we shall see a big rise. All the good American railways, such as Pennsylvania, Northern Pacific, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul, Aitchison, Illinois Central are worth buying, and even Chesapeakes are cheap.

RUBBER shares droop, as does the market in the raw material. The public does not sell, but the dealers do not buy, except at a reduced price, for the whole Stock Exchange thinks poorly of rubber. Yet the Straits Rubber report was splendid, and 55½ per cent. dividend excellent. This is one of the best managed estates in the Malay. A shade too big for economical management, as the "all in" cost of 1s. 7d. shows, but still quite good. The big estate suffers both ways. Its costs are too high and it does not get such a good price for its rubber, which loses by lack of careful personal management. Quantity is not everything in rubber—quality is very important, for a few pence a pound in the selling price makes all the difference in the profits. Actually 1,000 acres is quite as much as any company can manage with economy. The two Lampard reports, Bah Lias and Wampoe, are very disappointing. There is no chance of the Trust being able to market either share as it hoped. Tobacco is a speculative crop. United Lankat seems our only good tobacco plantation.

OIL.—Shell is eating up all the companies one after the other. It got control of the Egyptian field, where it is building a big refinery without at the moment having any oil to refine. It has now annexed North Caucasian upon terms which must have annoyed the shareholders extremely. They saw their quotation drop 1s. in a few minutes. Yet I advise them to take up the new shares, for McGarvey has brought in some good wells, and will have half-a-dozen more baling by the end of the year. Schibaieff possesses an admirable refinery in Baku, and little else. Yet the Shell people have agreed to take this badly managed company over. Those shareholders who wish to remain in must pay for the privilege. I do not advise them to do so. The terms are too onerous.

MINES.—East Rand report did not please anyone, for it is clear that in order to keep up the profits the richest ground has been stope, and the ore reserves have fallen in consequence. I do not blame the management, for I think all Rand Mines have wasted too much money and time in crushing almost unpayable ore. But the public does not like the new policy. Sudan Goldfields looks like approaching another reconstruction. It only has about £5,000 left, and must increase its plant. The ore looks good at depth, but I would not advise anyone to risk any more money in the venture. The United States Cobalt having got some enterprising people to find some money is now attempting to find the reef which is said to go into their ground. A rig in the shares may be apprehended. They are things to keep out of.

COAL MINES are going to be the fashion. Mr. D. A. Thomas has his big Cardiff combine almost ready. The actual capital will be about two millions, and will provide £300,000 for the working capital. The mines in the Cambrian group are the Cambrian—by far the best, and a most prosperous company with a splendid dividend record; the Glamorgan, of late years a fair dividend payer, and the

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Naval and Britannic Collieries, both held by the Thomas group. No doubt the company will go extremely well, for the Cardiff people, although they think that coal will not keep good for more than another year, have great faith in D. A. Thomas and his management. The venture will come out after Easter. Other Cardiff companies are on the stocks, and should follow suit if the Cambrian combine goes.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Egyptian market is deadly dull, and will not be helped by the Behera report, which, although it shows maintained profits, gives absolutely no details. This is a mistake. English people have bought Beheras. They are now officially quoted, and we all expected ample details—we only get the barest figures. The Bank of Athens is going to scale down its capital. The Union Parisienne, which is a big holder, will underwrite £600,000 fresh capital at 95, and will buy up to 15,000 shares in the market if necessary—so that a deal is on here. English shareholders are grumbling at the scaling down of the capital, which they think unnecessary. I quite agree. Marconis are now weak; the fresh evidence to be offered to the Committee is hardly likely to end in the contract being accepted. The Cammell Laird report is not good. The company has done better, but even to-day there are arrears of Preference unpaid. Mazawattee, another mismanaged concern, makes a better showing, but not even the genius of Mr. Densham can save this concern. Jays report was good—this excellently managed business never falters. The board is practical; the Preference shares are an admirable shop investment.

RAYMOND RADCLYFFE.

PREMIER OIL AND PIPE LINE CO.

Signs are not wanting that the oil share market will become much more active in the near future, and the satisfactory results now being achieved by prominent producing companies may be taken as evidence of the fact. Good news continues to come to hand from the property of the Premier Oil and Pipe Line Co. The well Fortuna is producing at the rate of about 80 tons per day, and the Maria Teresa No. 11 well is producing at the rate of 100 tons per day; whilst No. 2 well at Kosnacry has struck a new oil horizon, and is pumping a considerable tonnage daily. It is a notable fact that on the Boryslaw-Tustanowice field oil has been found at a depth of no less than 3,900 feet. With the company doing so well shareholders have no reason to be otherwise than satisfied with their holdings, and the shares at their present price of 16s. 9d. ex. div. are a safe and attractive purchase.

CORRESPONDENCE

BACON IS NOT SHAKESPEARE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—Permit one from "Across the Seas" to enter the arena of controversy anent the long-fought issue in your columns, as between the Baconians and Shakespearians; and to take up arms and to unbuckle one's shield on behalf of the Bard of Avon—that sweet singer and profound genius, whose name, fame, and memory and works are as dear to Anglo-Saxons the world over, as ever they can be to native-born Englishmen.

Nevertheless, it is almost as much a source of humour and amusement, as it is of true concern, for the honour and credit of the "Swan of Avon," to me and many another, this "academical" disputation and conflict of your wits and pedants. Hence, before I couch my lance and pierce the vulnerable armour of whatso'er antagonist, I would fain explicitly avow my utter contempt for, and disapprobation of the claims and pretensions of those among the "Baconians" who so rudely and virulently asperse and deride the fair name and fame of our great Shakespeare. For, of a truth it is shameful and shameless on any one, no matter how infatuated, or how, otherwise, personally amiable and harmless, to speak of the greatest genius of all ages in English literature in such terms as Sir Edward Durning Lawrence, for instance, employs so commonly. In fact, so universally is the name and memory of Shakespeare cherished by all the English-speaking peoples, that it is little short of sacrilege, and a wanton insult to the race to thus asperse and deride his name and memory. But, really, I take it that Sir Edward is hardly to be regarded seriously. He is simply obsessed by a single idea, and is a violent reactionary at that. His "learning" is so profound, too, as to have made him biased, and he can read more "between the lines," and into his whatever subject-matter, than any man living! Moreover, he has a marvellously "unique" library, wherein, I presume, he finds such an infinite assortment and abundance of "armoury" as to render him well-nigh invincible against the assaults of—even an American!

Nathless, I will assay a thrust of my lance against his "unique armour," and after this manner: If then, Sir Edward, you are so assured that "Bacon is Shakespeare," how does it happen that it remained only for a Donnelly, many generations following the "day" of Shakespeare, to first question, publicly, the authorship of the latter? Moreover, if Bacon were Shakespeare, how came it that Milton, following close in the wake of the Bard of Avon, and a man of profound learning and genius, gave vent to the following beautiful tribute to the memory of Shakespeare?

"What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones—
The labour of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a starry pointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame—
What need'st, then, such weak witness of thy name?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endearing art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble, with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb could wish to die."

Now, had Milton been in slightest doubt of Shakespeare's identity, or authorship, he could never have writ-

ten lines like these. Neither could or would Ben Jonson have paid such rare tribute to the Bard of Avon's memory as he did in lines which I would fain reproduce here would space permit, had he doubted for a moment Shakespeare's authorship. In effect, it is too silly to raise such a tempest in a teapot as Sir Edward and a few others would appear to be raising. Moreover, it is a mean and scandalous thing thus to malign and slander the name of one whose name and works are so endeared to countless thousands of the English race and English-speaking peoples. And, more to the point still, how, in the name of common sense, could a man of Bacon's cold and philosophic nature, have written such poems and dramas as Shakespeare did? It was not in him (Bacon) to write aught but cold, chiselled, and august prose. His was, and to him it was given in eminent degree, the gift and power of logic and philosophy. But of poesy he had none—no matter what his inclination and ambition may have been. For he had no deep, embracive, human sympathies and promptings. On the other hand, Shakespeare was a universal genius, at once of poesy and transcendental philosophy. He could, as none other ever did before or since, plumb the deepest recesses of the human heart and mind; while his fancy and imagination were of the richest and most comprehensive nature; and his heart was as warm as his imagination was vivid, and well-nigh divine.

Buffalo, U.S.A.

EDWIN RIDLEY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—On Thursday, February 27, Sir Sidney Lee gave a lecture at the Royal Institution, in which he said that he thought that in "The Tempest," the author was referring to the "natives" of the Bermudas (Bermoothes, Act 1, sc. 2), when he said: "I pitied thee, took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour one thing or another; when thou didst not (savage) know thine own meaning; but wouldst gabble, like a thing most brutish, I endowed thy purposes with words that made them known."

Sir Sidney Lee thus shows how hopelessly he fails to understand the purpose and meaning of the Shakespeare plays, because he is not furnished with the Baconian key.

"The Tempest," as Emile Montégut, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," 1865, pointed out, is the author's literary testament. Accordingly, we find in that play the author Prospero (pro-Shakespero) proceeds to tell us the story of his life and of his work as a play-writer. He says, "My brother . . . called Antonio . . . whom next thyself, I loved." (Bacon dedicated the first edition of his "Essays," 1597, to his "beloved brother," Anthony, and also there refers to him as "next my selfe.") Then he says, "Graves, at my command, have waked their sleepers, oped, and let them forth by my so potent art." (Where except in the Shakespeare are the Heroes of Antiquity so graphically portrayed?) He also tells us, what Sir Sidney Lee has so hopelessly misunderstood, viz., that the actors were merely mummers, who only gabbled what they did not understand, until he "endowed their purposes with words that made them known." Tells us that Ariel, the spirit of dramatic poesy, had been confined in the pine (boards of classical books) until he released her; tells us that Caliban (Shakespeare) had tried to get hold of his daughter, "Miranda" (the plays); tells us how his (and every actor's) mother was "Sycorax," which signifies the person who had previously provided the mean and miserable mumming. Then he breaks his magic staff, for he will write no more plays. "The Tempest," as we now know it, was not written till after Bacon's fall from office, and he tells us that he still had his library furnished to him by a nobleman, "Knowing I loved my

books, he furnished me from mine own library with volumes that I prize above my Dukedom." (No book was found in the house of William Shakespeare, the "Householder of Stratford"). Next the author tells us "deeper than ever plummet sound I'll drown my book." It has remained drowned as "his" till the full tale of 287 years had passed, when now we hear him say " My Dukedom, . . . I know perforce thou must restore!" At length the hour had come and the crown of the Island (the stage) is torn from the head of the dummy that seemed to wear it, and we hear the great Master pronounce the terrible confession, which every worshipper of what Mark Twain described as the " Tar Baby" (of Stratford) is required to repeat: " What a thrice double Asse was I to take this drunkard for a God."

Sir Sidney Lee, who by his romance miscalled "The Life of William Shakespeare," has done more than anyone else to destroy the Stratford myth, tells us that we must not look in the plays for the life of William Shakespeare. The true artist, however, in his noblest work, always lays bare his own life, his own soul, his own sorrows, and it is quite easy to show how Bacon's life story runs through the plays. But now I wish to direct your readers' attention only to "The Tempest," and especially to "Caliban," whom we are told had tried to get hold of the author's daughter Miranda (the immortal plays).

"Caliban," as the word itself shews, represents Shakespeare the drunken illiterate clown of Stratford.—I am, etc.,

EDWIN DURNING LAWRENCE.

"THE STRANGER IN THE HOUSE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Dear Sir,—I should be glad to draw your attention to the review of my novel "The Stranger in the House," contained in your issue of March 6.

It is a little odd, in the twentieth century, to find a reviewer "protesting" against the idea (which I do not claim to have originated) that mental deficiency is hereditary. I did not suggest, as your reviewer states, that it is "absolutely" (does he not rather mean "invariably"?) hereditary; but, putting scientific research aside, I should have thought personal observation would have taught most people that mental deficiency is a legacy only too likely to be handed down, not merely from father to son, but through many succeeding generations.

It seems to me a pity for any journal dealing with modern thought to print matter calculated to suggest to the ordinary reader's mind any doubt of the hereditary nature of mental deficiency. If the general public could only realise to the full the terrible fact that it is hereditary there would be fewer lunatic asylums than we see to-day. There would also be fewer unsuspected (and therefore doubly dangerous) mental defectives in our midst, and we should hear less of the otherwise inexplicable and senseless crimes which arise from the same cause.

May I point out to your reviewer also the fact that there is no such person as "Loring Brayden" in the book? Loring and Brayden are both distinct people and distinct

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titles. You would not, for instance, refer to Lord Dalmeny as "Dalmeny Rosebery."

While I feel called upon to protest against the first paragraph of the review, I must thank the writer for his kind appreciation of the book as a whole.—I remain, Dear Sir, your truly,

ANTHONY WYKINGTON.

Kinross, Well Street, Ryde, I.W.
March 9, 1913.

THE REV. GEORGE BUCKLE.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

Sir,—In announcing the fact that it has been decided that Mr. George Earle Buckle, the late editor of the *Times*, is to carry on the biography of Benjamin Disraeli, which was left unfinished by the untimely death of Mr. Monypenny, several journals have stated that Mr. Buckle is the son of the late Rev. George Buckle, Canon and Precentor of Wells, "well known as the author of a famous book, 'The History of Civilisation.'" Permit me to point out, however, that the author of "The History of Civilisation" was not the Rev. George Buckle, but Henry Thomas Buckle, who died in 1862 at Damascus at the early age of forty and was one of the most remarkable and enlightened Englishmen of all time.—Yours very obediently,

ALGERNON ASHTON.

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in Canada: Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg; in South Africa: Capetown, Johannesburg, and Durban.

Printed by BONNER & CO., The Chancery Lane Press, Rolls Passage, London, E.C.